Speeches and Writings

OF

SAROJINI DEVI

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The Message of the Wandering Singer

The following is the full text of her presidential address at the Madras Provincial Conference held at Conjeevaram in May 1918:

Ever since the beginning of time, wherever there has been a human assembly, there has been always a place of welcome for the wandering singer, because the function of the wandering singer has been thought in all ages to bear across the frontiers that divide geographical divisions that one message of human kinship that binds province to province, race to race, creed to creed and makes the heart of all peoples beat together in the common hour of peril or of victory. If to day in your midst, in this sacred and historic city, I have found welcome, it is not for any personal quality of mine, it is not for any personal worth or services I have rendered to any cause, but rather because to-day the heart of India feels that it wants the message of unity repeated, reiterated, proclaimed gloriously, triumphantly and finally beyond all possibility of doubt or division. I, standing here to-day in a large, important, perhaps, epoch-making political assembly, have none of those tributes which should go to determining

your choice of one whose responsible function it is to guide your deliberations through these, the most pregnant and almost magically important hours. I represent not the political but the human element of India to-day in your midst. I come to the South bearing a message for you, not a spoken message, but a message that vibrated in the deserts at Bijapur, a message of that new-born soul of India to consecrate the function and destiny of this new-born Indian spirit of the new Democracy for the regeneration and self-redemption of India. I ask you to forgive me if, in preference to selfish utterance born out of my own lonely communion with myself, I prefer the more vital, the more enduring, the more noble utterance born out of the instantaneous inspiration of a contact between you and me. You will not expect me at this moment to deal with the most important aspects of local politics, as is usual in your Provincial Conferences. The problems of yesterday are still with you, and probably my successor in the Presidential chair next year will deal with them at leisure.

But, to-day, neither you nor I have the leisure of mind to deal with what is Provincial, because our hearts are attuned to something that is not Provincial, nor National, nor International, but human. What is the one impulse which beats the heart of the Nation to-day, what is that one desire, the one agonising prayer of the Nation? It is the demand of freedom, the vision of freedom; and friends, who were dreaming of freedom and agonising for freedom,

have, during the last few months, passed the whole gamut of spiritual anguish, hope, despair and suspense alternately, sometimes commingling in a paradox of combination. Ever since last August, a historic and prophetic announcement was made, foreshadowing for India that freedom which, being her birthright, is esteemed to be a thing to be given. We have happily forgotten merely partial questions and local interests and proved that the heart of India is one with the destiny of a United India. Ever since that memorable pronouncement in August, we have been waiting, hoping, working, breaking our hearts and then reconstructing our hope over and over again. Close upon that announcement came the Secretary of State for India, and with his coming the united voice of India, attuned in diverse tunes, made the same demand in various Provinces. Then came that great unforgettable Assembly in Calcutta where the hope and desire of the United Nation was reiterated from the platform of the Indian National Congress. Pending the public declaration of a policy, we sent out our own Ambassadors at the invitation of that great body of Democracy in England to speak, not to plead, but to assert our rights. His Excellency the Viceroy, sympathetic in heart, had promised to facilitate the passage of this Embassy of the Nation to England. These Ambassadors of the Nation, facing the perils of death, set out, or were on the very threshold of departure; and then in one great devastating moment came that unstatesmanlike,

unchivalrous, unmanly and arrogant denial of passports to our chosen spokesmen before the British public. The words of that message from the War Cabinet destroyed for the moment utterly what faith we had in the justice, integrity, honour, and loyalty of the British pledges to India. Ungenerous words, unstatesmanlike words, words of insult, and words of tyranny that knows its power against unarmed people were the words that prevented the Ambassadors of people from going to England. Immediately after that by some tragichumour of Providence, or by some subtle inscrutable Divine Dispensation, came the message of the Premier of England to the Inaian people saying, "you are the bulwark of Asia's defence against oppression." On the heels of this appeal came the new historic War Conference held at Delhi.

What is India going to do? They were invited from the north 'and south, Bengal and Bombay and from the core and heart of Hindustan. But he was not a wise master of ceremonies, that distributed the invitations. But those leaders, who are the core and heart of the Indian people, were not asked to represent India (cries of shame), and yet India, magnanimous, always loyal to her own pledge, said: "We go to the Conference; we who have been insulted, we whose social honour has been betrayed, we whose leaders have been outraged, we come to the Conference. What is it that you ask of us?" The answer came: "This is India's War. We want the blood of India; we

want the gold of India; we want the soul of India; but of an India that must be silent, of an India that must be content to be merely dependent, giving the loyalty of a shackled people. Without you we are lost, and without you there is no bulwark of Asia's defence." What did the leaders of the long-suffering, noble, patient and magnanimous India say? They said: "Though you have not kept your pledges to us, we are ready to keep our pledges to you, because we are true to ourselves and true to our own country. When you entered into a contract, unwritten and unspoken, with us that you were here to teach us the ways of Liberty, to show us the way to Freedom, you built your Empire. You took the Nation's gold; you took the Nation's brain; you broke the Nation's courage; you stamped on the Nation's honour and kept your pledges in that way, but we have kept our pledges in your peril. We have stood by you in your need; we have taxed ourselves to pay you; we have let our industries die, so that you might exploit our resources, and yet we say to you in your need we stand by you." What is the psychology of this acceptance? I see in all the newspapers of India that India, in her loyal response to the clarion call of the Premier, in gracious gratitude to the Message of the King-Emperor, has proved once more her loyalty. Loyalty to whom? Loyalty to what? What has been the history of India? India conquered and reconquered, India politically dominated, broken, subject to race after race, dynasty after dynasty. India has always

been true. She has been true to her own ideal of duty, no matter through what tragic channels that duty lay, no matter what sacrifice that duty entailed, no matter what personal loss, personal suffering, personal ignominy she had to suffer for the moment.

Was India true to her own vision? If we, as one people, can say: "Oh, Premier, we answer to your call! Oh, Emperor, we bow before your message! Oh Viceroy, oh Vice-regent of the Imperial policies, we accept." Let us also make it clear why we answer. It is demanded of us that we shall give our men, the blood of our blood, our gold, which makes for us our homes and which gives prosperity for the future, the very hope of our children. Why do we give all these? India takes part in this War, not because she is a Dependency of a great Power fighting abroad, but because India recognises that this is not a War of Germany or Great Britain, but it is a War of Spirit against the Force of Tyranny, no matter Teutonic, Saxon or Gaelic. That is the underlying psychology of our response to the call of the Empire, not that the Empire might be saved, not that the hearths and homes of India might be kept from German invasion, not that the honour of women should be safeguarded, not that the valour of our men should be tested, but rather because England's need is the world's opportunity, and India shares this opportunity of freeing world for ever from the traditions of bureaucracy and autocracy, of political

and spiritual tyranny. We are going to fight the tyranny, not only of the Hun that is coming to invade our frontiers, but with an age-long terror and degradation and tyranny within our own land, within our own selves, that have made India to-day the bond slave of the Nation in the West. I do not know if this interpretation of mine of the psychology of India's response will be acceptable to you or not. I do not understand the expediency of political utterances. I only know that this is the hour when India must join in the great struggle for freedom, not only her own freedom, but the freedom of the spirit from the travails and trammels of material power and material tyranny.

What will be the political outcome of this response? There are those amongst us who say: "Don't accept, don't respond, make conditions, let England suffer, let the Allies be crushed in the contest. This is the hour when we shall make condition, and the hour of peril shall be our way to victory." There are others again who say: "No, let us forget our domestic questions; let us forget our grievances; let us assume for the moment that we are not slaves; and let us not make any conditions." Shall we who hold such noble traditions of martial valour, of secular learning, of spiritual power, be content either to withhold our hands or go merely as camp followers of a battling power? No, rather would we fight, give the very flower of our manhood, so that our men may light their way to victory. We make no conditions, because we are not shop-keepers.

(Cheers.) We are children of Rishis, and ours has always been the religion of self-sacrifice. How shall we bring about co-operation between the people who ask and the people who deny? We must convince our people; we must inspire them; we must give them hope It is the Poets of a Nation that dream; it is the politicians of a Nation that awaken the people; it is the soldiers of a Nation that safeguard the frontiers and the Nation's Liberty. I say to you, young men, in whose hands that freedom lies, that this freedom is your own gift to yourself. For, have we forgotten that no Nation can be free until the desire for freedom is so intense that it creates freedom from within? If we ask you to utilise the opportunity that has come to India, it is not because the King has asked you, not because the Premier has made you the bulwark of Asia's defence, but because the heart of your Nation says: "Oh! Youth of the Nation, you and only you are to be the deliverers of Indian spirit, and therefore without question, without condition, without making this clause or that clause, enlist in thousands, so that England's need may be served incidentally and India's need ultimately." How is it going to be we are so disunited? Even in this matter concerning the most vital issues, there are three parties. But the parting of the ways is, indeed, coming now, and believe me that, in all ages of Indian history, there has not been a moment more pregnant with destiny, nor a moment when the destiny lay so completely within our own choice. In days gone by,

in ages past, fate chose, but to-day the man chooses, man makes and man breaks. I feel that we are standing at the parting of the ways in India, when we shall part for ever to our destruction, unless we unite together.

Friends, choose wisely and once for all. There is no going back at this moment. Unless you are wide awake to-day to your own need, to your own strength, to your own weakness, to your own division, to your own possibility, and to the urgent need of unity, you have before you all the element of history in embryo, history that will repeat itself with all the horrors hundred thousand times enhanced. To-day, Japan that despises you and exploits you, and to-morrow Germany who has learnt, indeed, your Samskrit slokas but not the meaning of their teaching, are the perils that confront you, not in some day of the future, but that is within sight. I have heard it said by the literate and even more vehemently by the illiterate that it is desirable to have a change whether for the worse or for the better. But they forget that a change, if at all, will be a change of masters, a change from a tyranny which has limitations to a tyranny unknown, unmeasured and intolerable to our civilisation. The more I travel in my capacity as the Wandering Singer, the more I realise how little that simple word "Unity" is understood. In the north, I find the division of the Hindu-Muslim problem. In the South where, alas! in the very shadows of temples where for centuries

the prayers of man had gone forth for bringing about unity for all classes, I find division again, not between people of diverse races and creeds but between blood brothers, between the children of one mother, followers of one creed, sharers of one destiny, neighbours of one street, who buy in the same market, whose marriages and funerals take place in the same street, whose tears and laughters commingle at dawn and at twilight. I find that bitterness worse than death, that division that separates class from class—that is the hatred and division between Brahmana and non-Brahmana. What is a frontier attack compared to this division? What is the battle between the Hun and the Saxon compared to this civil war within our own streets? Tell me whether the destiny of India is not more critical to-day than the destiny of the world that is thrown into the battle pools of blood. It is for you to stand up to-day and say: "We are tired of these divisions, we are tried of those things that have made us slaves in the hands of a foreign Government. From to-day we consecrate our lives only to our own National regeneration."

This is the historic moment which will never return. This is the moment when you must combine the north with the south, the Brahmana with the non-Brahmana, the Hindu with the Musalman, the Indian Christian with the rest of India. All these must unite, so that even in the inviolate borders of India there will not be any foreign invasion or internal dissension. We say

to our Government: "Give freedom to our brothers in prison, take from our lips this deadly seal or silence worse than death. Give us the right to carry arms. Give us the right to tell you how the money taken from us shall be spent." Whether these things come to us or not to-day as gifts, they will give them to us as our natural right to-morrow. But the conditions are for you to prepare. The conditions are in your hands, not to be written in memorials and presented before H. E. the Viceroy and Parliament, but the Charter of your rights and liberties to be written with your own hand and in your own blood. It has to be written for ever and for ever on the imperishable walls of Time.

I appeal to the younger generation, as Mrs. Besant has said: "To Arms! To Arms! To Arms"! It is for the sake of liberty that India's army should be formed to-day, not for India's need; not for the need of Great Britain, not because we are loyal subjects of a foreign king, not because we are patriots dying for India, but because the law of liberty is the one Immutable Law, the one invincible instinct of humanity, and it is for the preservation, for the establishment and the safe-guarding of this Immutable Law of liberty, that India should respond to the Call of the Empire. When you are ready to form this great army for the defence of India, not a woman in the whole of India but will say: "My son, my brother, my husband, go forth, whether you come back either victorious or stretched dead upon your shield"—

that is the spirit in which the women of India will send the men of India to fight. Though the bodies of their sons will die, though the bodies of women will die, the Spirit of India will not die. Her sons will go forth to help the British armies to victory. Two thousand years hence, her sons will lead some other Nation to victory. But how? Only when India remembers that her work alone is the standard of truth, not what others give to her, not what others have promised to her. For India, broken and fettered as she is to-day, has within herself that immortality of conviction that knows that, to-day trampled in the dust, she has within herself the power to recreate for herself and to be born again and again and again for the establishment of Indian Dharma, the Dharma of Indian freedom to be secured only by the united love and sacrifice of her sons.

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The President, in concluding the proceedings, said: After these three days that we have spent together, I feel that I belong now to the south so intimately and so indivisibly that henceforth your honour must be my honour, your peril my peril, your triumph my triumph, your destiny my destiny. I came in your midst as a stranger, as I said, a wandering singer, a wandering singer that had brought to you that message of unity which is the only message to-day that may be uttered from the lip of man or woman. These three days

together we spent as comrades, though sometimes in antagonism to each other, yet always in real and inseparable comradeship of spirit, because our ideals were the same. Each of us had a right to convert the other to the best mode of pilgrimage to the ultimate goal of self-realisation which seemed best to us. The one thing that these three days have done for us is to prove that India is awake, that India's heart is alive, that the dead bones have been revitalised, that the Time-Spirit has been rekindled, and that immortal India of to-day shall legislate greatly, rightly, bravely for the India of to-morrow. We have discussed many serious problems, but none of them of such grave, such urgent importance as that one question, over which there seemed to be such bitter strife and division, andt here too in the end we proved so triumphantly that the heart of India is indivisible when it comes to great issues. It was remarked that, in the course of my random presidential address, I had indulged in hyperbole within the province of a poet and put a high colour upon the divisions and separations, the distrust and disloyalties in our midst, that I have not been sufficiently just to the other side of the picture which I had drawn dark, and that I had failed to picture any of the equally underlying harmony between community and community, race and race in India. But I knew that, at the end of the Conference, no reparation from me would be necessary, that the answer would be forthcoming from the Conference itself, no matter how the outer differences may seem to

divide us; that we are ultimately one, we are intimately one, we are eternally one in all the great things that meant the honour and freedom of India. We can afford to seem divided, if that seeming division brings about ultimately a deeper reality of union. We do not want in India a monotony of ideal or method. We want rich and diverse unity, manifold, uni-hearted division. We want energies, aspirations and endeavours of every type of man and woman in India to be brought to a great fusion of unity which means richness and not monotony, because the needs of India are infinite, and so must the changes be infinite, no matter by which way the end is reached. But there are occasions when we must all not only seem but be united, forsaking our diverse ways of pilgrimage, treading the one way of pilgrimage, because the eyes of the world do not always judge correctly all the subtle unities, that are secret. Therefore, friends, standing before you to-day, I feel a thrill of pride to say that henceforth I am not only with you but of you, for, in this great city, I have seen once more the Vision Beautiful to which my life is dedicated. Often and often have they said to me: "Why have you come out of the ivory tower of dreams to the market place? Why have you deserted the pipes and flute of the poet to be the most strident trumpet of those who stand and call the Nation to battle?" Because the function of a poet is not merely to be isolated in ivory towers of dreams set in a garden of roses, but his place is

with the people; in the dust of the highways, in the difficulties of battle is the poet's destiny. The one reason why he is a poet is that in the hour of danger, in the hour of defeat and despair, the poet should say to the dreamer: "If you dream true, all difficulties, all illusions, all despair are but *Maya*: the one thing that matters is hope. Here I stand before you with your higher dreams, your invisible courage, your indomitable victories." Therefore, to-day in the hour of struggle, when in your hands it lies to win victory for India, I, a weak woman, have come out of my home. I, a dreamer of dreams, have come into the market place, and I say: "Go forth, comrades, to victory." When you are in despair, I shall remind you of the dreams of your youth when victory was the only reality. When you fail, I shall tell you: "Be true to your vision." When some terrible moment of temptation comes to you to be false to yourselves, I shall say: "Children of India, the one destiny of India has always been, forsaking all else, only to be true, for Kings have left their kingdoms, their thrones, and gone into the desert and mountain caves seeking the truth; for Lord Buddha left the kingdom of his temporary glory to teach the law of compasion to human kind. It is for this that great seekers of truth have held all power and material glory as less than dust." Shall we, in this great Cathedral city, this sanctuary of ever-living memories of that great God of destruction who is the only God of regeneration, of that Goddess of power who is the

one animating spirit of our lives, shall we, in this temple city so full of hallowed memories of Shiva and His Consort, not consecrate our lives to those eternal verities for which they stood? The great God of the lotus eye, the great God of destruction, what was He? He symbolises to us destruction of bondage, the shattering of the fetters of our ignorance, the breaking of all barriers that divide community from community, race from race, creed from creed in this land. What does that great Goddess stand for, She whose procession goes in torch-light in this great city? What else does She symbolise save that India is eternal, India is immortal, India is the Shakti of the world? In the ages gone by, it was she that kindled light among the Nations that to-day are living, and we take up the challenge that has been thrown to us. We are not dead, we are children of Shakti, we are ever living; and not only by God's utterance we shall prove this immortal and invisible life but through this great patriotism of ours, not asking any man for any gift which is ours, we will restore to ourselves the inviolable inheritance of freedom which is our birthright, not merely a freedom, to be measured in terms of territorial number and authority, but the diviner thing which is incorruptible in principle, and the spirit of the self-delivery from the bondage of ignorance and hatred. Let us, before we disperse to-day, dedicate our lives to the mission of the Shakti and prove through our unity, through our selfless endeavours for the Motherland, through all the manifold

demands made upon us here, everywhere within our own boundaries, and beyond our own boundaries, let us all vindicate beyond doubt to the world in the process of its regeneration, that we do not wait for the world to be re-born before India is re-born in our lives and souls. (Loud (cheers.)

Reminiscences of Mr. Gokhale

Soon after the death of Mr. Gokhale, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu wrote in the columns of the "Bombay Chronicle" as follows:

My personal association with Mr. Gokhale commenced, as it ended, with a written message. It had fallen to me to propose the resolution on the education of women at the Calcutta Sessions of the All-India Social Conference of 1906; and something in my speech moved him sufficiently to pass me these hurried and cordial sentences which, unworthy as I know myself of such generous appreciation, I venture to transcribe, since they struck the keynote of all our future intercourse. "May I take the liberty," he wrote, "to offer you my most respectful and enthusiastic congratulations? Your speech was more than an intellectual treat of the highest order . . . We all felt for the moment to be lifted to a higher plane."

An acquaintance began on such a happy note of sympathy, grew and ripened at last into a close and lovely comradeship which I counted among the crowning honours of my life. And though it was not without its poignant moments of brief and bitter estrangement, our friendship always was always radiant, both with the joy of spiritual refreshment, and the quickening challenge of intellectual discussion and dissent. Above all, there was the ever-deepening bond of our common love

for the Motherland; and, for a short space, there was alone the added tie of a tender dependence, infinitely touching and child-like on such comfort and companionship as I, with my own broken health, could render him through long weeks of suffering and distress in a foreign land.

Between 1907 and 1911, it was my good fortune to meet him several times, chiefly during my flying visits to Bombay, but also on different occasions, in Madras, Poona and Delhi. After each meeting, I would always carry away the memory of some fervent and stirring word of exhortation to yield my life to the service of India. And, even in the midst of the crowded activities of those epoch-making years, he found leisure to send me, now and then, a warm message of approval, of encouragement, when any poem or speech or action of mine chanced to please him or the frequent rumours of my failing health caused him anxiety or alarm.

But it was not till the beginning of 1912, when I spent a few weeks in Calcutta with my father, that any real intimacy was established between us. "Hitherto I have always caught you on the wing," he said, "now I will cage you long enough to grasp your true spirit." It was in the course of the long and delightful conversations of this period that I began to comprehend the intrinsic and versatile greatness of the man, and to marvel by what austere and fruitful process he was able to reconcile and assimilate the complex and often conflicting qualities of his essentially

dual personality into so supreme an achievement of single-hearted patriotism. It was to me a valuable lesson in human psychology to study the secret of his rich and paradoxical nature. There was the outer man as the world knew and esteemed him, with his precise and brilliant and subtle intellect, his unrivalled gifts of political analysis and synthesis, his flawless and relentless mastery and use of the consummate logic of co-ordinated facts and figures, his courteous but inexorable candour in opposition, his patient dignity and courage in honourable compromise, the breadth and restraint, the vigour and veracity of his far-reaching statesmanship, the lofty simplicities and sacrifices of his daily life. And breaking through the veils of his many self-repressions, was the inner man that revealed himself to me, in all his intense, impassioned hunger for human kinship and affection, in all the tumult and longing, the agony of doubt and ecstasy of faith of the born idealist, perpetually seeking some unchanging reality in a world full of shifting disillusion and despair. In him, I felt that both the practical, strènuous worker and the mystic dreamer of dreams were harmonised by the age-long discipline of his Brahminical ancestry which centuries before had evolved the spirit of the *Bhagavat-Gita* and defined true Yoga as Wisdom in Action. But even he could not escape the limitations of his inheritance. Wide and just as were his recognitions of all human claims to equality, he had nevertheless hidden away, perhaps unsuspected,

something of that conservative pride of his Brahminical descent which instinctively resented the least question of its ancient monopoly of power. One little instance of this weakness—if I may use the word—occurs to me. At the All-India Conference which was held in Calcutta at the end of 1911, in the course of an address on the so-called Depressed Classes, I happened to have remarked that the denial of their equal human rights and opportunities of life was largely due to the tyranny of arrogant Brahmins in the past. My father who was also present at the meeting, noted and ironically rallied me on the phrase which appealed to both his sense of humour and equity. But, to my surprise, I found that Mr. Gokhale regarded the word 'arrogant' almost as a personal affront! "It was no doubt a brave and beautiful speech," he said in a tone of reproach, "but you sometimes use harsh, bold phrases." Soon after, discussing an allied topic, he burst out saying: "You—in spite of yourself—you are typically Hindu in spirit. You begin with a ripple and end in eternity." "But," I answered, a little nettled, "when have I ever disclaimed my heritage?" Another conversation of these weeks stands out with special significance in the light of coming events. One morning, a little despondent and sick at heart about national affairs in general, he suddenly asked me, "what is your outlook for India.?" "One of Hope," I replied. "What is your vision of the immediate future?" "The Hindu-Muslim Unity in less than five years," I told him with joyous conviction.

"Child," he said, with a note of yearning sadness in his voice, "you are a poet, but you hope too much. It will not come in your life-time or in mine. But keep your faith and work if you can." In March of the following year, I met him for a few minutes only at a large party in Bombay given by Sir Pherozeshah Mehta for the members of the Royal Commission. I had recently brought out a new book of verses which just then, happily for me, was attracting some attention and applause. And Mr. Gokhale's short conversation with me was very characteristic of his attitude of distrust towards such things. "Does the flame still burn brightly?" he questioned. "Brighter than ever," I answered. But he shook his head doubtfully and a little sternly. "I wonder," he murmured, "I wonder how the storm of such long duration will withstand excessive adulation and success."

A week later, it was my unique privilege to attend and address the new historic sessions of the Muslim League which met in Lucknow on the 22nd March to adopt a new Constitution which sounded the keynote of loyal co-operation with the sister community in all matters of national welfare and progress. The unanimous acclamation with which it was carried by both the older and younger schools of Mussalman politicians marked a new era and inaugurated a new standard in the history of modern Indian affairs. From Lucknow I travelled, almost without a break, direct to Poona, where I was due on the 25th, and on the morning of 26th, I walked across with the

Hon'ble Mr. Paranjpye from Fergusson College to the Servants of India Society. I found the world-famous leader of the Indian National Congress weak and suffering from a relapse of his old illness, but busy scanning the journals that were full of comments and criticisms of the Muslim League and its new ideals. "Ah," he cried with outstretched hands when he saw me, "have you come to tell me that your vision was true?" . . . . And he began to question me over and over again with a breathless eagerness that seemed almost impatient of my words about the real underlying spirit of the Conference. His weary and pain-worn face lighted up with pleasure when I assured him that, so far at least as the younger men were concerned, it was not an instinct of mere political expediency but one of genuine conviction and a growing consciousness of wider and graver national responsibility that had prompted them to stretch out so frankly and generously the hand of good fellowship to the Hindus, and I hoped that the coming Congress would respond to it with equal, if not even greater, cordiality. "So far as it lies in my power," he answered, "it shall be done." After an hour or so, I found him exhausted with the excitement of the happy news I had brought him from so far; but he insisted on my returning to complete my visit to him that afternoon. When I went back to the Servants of India Society in the evening, I found a strangely transformed Mr. Gokhale, brisk and smiling, a little pale, but without any trace of the morning's langour and

depression. "What!" I almost screamed as he was preparing to lead the way upstairs, "surely you cannot mean to mount all those steps, you are too ill." He laughed. "You have put new hope into me," he said, "I feel strong enough to face life and work again." Presently, his sister and two charming daughters joined us for half an hour on the broad terrace with its peaceful view over sunset hills and valleys, and we talked of pleasant and passing things. This was my first and only glimpse and realisation of the personal domestic side of this lonely and impersonal worker. After their departure, we sat quietly in the gathering twilight till his golden voice, stirred by some deep emotion, broke the silence with golden words of counsel and admonition, so grand, so solemn and so inspiring, that they have never ceased to thrill me. He spoke of the unequalled happiness and privilege of service for India. "Stand here with me," he said, "with the stars and hills for witness and in their presence consecrate your life and your talent, your song and your speech, your thought and your dream to the Motherland. O poet, see visions from the hill-tops and spread abroad the message of hope to the toilers in the valleys." As I took my leave of him, he said again to this humble messenger of happy things: "You have given me new hope, new faith, new courage. To-night I shall rest. I shall sleep with a heart at peace."

Two months later, early in June after an absence of fifteen years, I found myself in London once more, and among the many friends who

greeted me on my arrival was the familiar figure of Mr. Gokhale in wholly unfamiliar European garments and—yes—actually an English topi hat. I stared at him for a moment. "Where," I asked him, "is your rebellious turban?" But I soon got accustomed to this new phase of my old friend, to a social Gokhale who attended parties and frequented Theatres, played bridge and entertained ladies at dinner on the terrace of the National Liberal Club, a far cry from the terrace of the Servants of India Society.

In spite of his uncertain health, he was very busy throughout the summer with his work on the Royal Commission and his anxious pre-occupations with Indian affairs in South Africa, then threatening an acute crisis. But he would often come to see me where I was staying at the house of Sir Krishna Gupta. Mr. Gokhale had a great fancy for cherries, and I always took care to provide a liberal supply whenever he was expected. "Every man has his price," I would tease him, "and yours is—cherries." One day, at the end of July, sitting over a dish of ripe red cherries, I broached the subject of a delicate mission which I had undertaken on behalf of the London Indian Association, a new student organisation that had only a few weeks previously been founded by Mr. M. A. Jinnah with the active and eager support of Indian students in London. Their earnest endeavour was to provide a permanent centre to focus the scattered student life in London and to build up such staunch tradition of co-operation and fellowship that this young

association might eventually grow into a perfect miniature and model of the federated India of the future, the India of their dreams: and it was their ardent desire to start on their new mission of service with a word of sympathy and blessing from this incomparable friend and servant of India. At first, a firm refusal of my request backed by the strict prohibition of his doctors of all undue strain and fatigue somewhat daunted me. But I had a little rashly more or less pledged my word that he would speak, and I redoubled my persuasions. "You not only defy all laws of health yourself," he grumbled, "but incite me also to disobedience and revolt." "Besides," and his eyes flashed for a moment, "what right had you to pledge your word for me?" "The right," I told him, "to demand from you at all costs a message of hope for the young generation." A few days later, on the 2nd August, he delivered a magnificent inaugural address at Caxton Hall in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience of students, and set before them those sublime lessons of patriotism and self-sacrifice which he alone so signally, among the men of his generation, was competent to teach with authority and grace.

Shortly afterwards, he left for India to wage his brave and glorious battle in the cause of his suffering compatriots in South Africa. And though now his health was finally ruined beyond all chance of recovery, it was with the rapture of victorious martyrdom that he wrote from his sick-bed, about the end of December, to tell me how prompt and splendid had been the response of a truly United

India to the call of her gallant heroes fighting for right and justice in a far-off land.

On his return to England in the spring of 1914, condition was so precarious as to cause his friends and physicians the gravest concern; and at first he was confined entirely to bed. But with his ever-gracious kindness towards me, he paid me a visit on the very day he was permitted to leave his room, as I was then too ill to go and see him. "Why should a song-bird like you have a broken wing," he murmured a little sadly; and presently told me that he had just received his own death-warrant at the hands of his doctors. "With the utmost care," he said, "they think, I might perhaps live for three years longer." But in his calm and thoughtful manner, there was no sign of selfish rebellion or fear,—only an infinite regret for his unfinished service to India.

But soon, I was well enough to accompany him on the short motor drives that were his sole form of recreation; and on mild days, as we sat in the soft sunshine under the budding trees of Kensington Gardens, he would talk to me with that sure instinct of his for choice and graphic phrases that lent his conversation so much distinction and charm. "Give me a corner of your brain that I can call my own," he would say. And in that special corner that was his, I treasure many memorable sayings. I learnt to wonder not merely at the range and variety of his culture but at his fastidious preferences for what Charles Lamb has called the delicacies of fine literature. He had also an almost

romantic curiosity towards the larger aspect of life and death and destiny, and a quick apprehension of the mysterious forces that govern the main springs of human feeling and experience. One day, a little wistfully he said, " do you know, I feel that an abiding sadness underlies all that unfailing brightness of yours? Is it because you have come so near death that its shadows still cling to you"? " No," I answered, "I have come so near life that its fires have burnt me." But like a humming bird, his heart would always return with swift and certain flight to the one immutable passion of his life, his love for that India, which to him was mistress and mother, goddess and child in one. He would speak of the struggles and disappointments of his early days, the triumphs and failures, the rewards and renunciations of his later years, his vision of India and her ultimate goal, her immediate value as an Imperial asset and her appointed place and purpose in the wider counsels and responsibilities of the Empire. He spoke too of his work and his colleagues, the Royal Commission, the Viceregal Council and the National Congress; and though to the end he remained a better judge of human situation rather than of individuals, I was struck wit the essential fairness of his estimates which seemed in one luminous phrase to reveal the true measure of a man. Of one, he said that " He can mould heroes out of common clay," of another that " He has fine sincerity, a little marred by hasty judgment," of yet another, "He has true stuff in him and that freedom

from all sectarian prejudice which will make him the best ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity." Of a fourth, "He has made those sacrifices which entitle him to be heard."

Of the many pressing matters that occupied his mind at that time, there were four which to him were of absorbing interest—his scheme for compulsory education which, he felt, was the only solid basis on which he found any lasting national progress; the Hindu-Mussalman question which, he said, could be most effectively solved if the leaders of the sister communities would deal in a spirit of of perfect unison with certain fundamental problems of equal and urgent importance to both the high privilege and heavy responsibility of the young generation whose function it was to grapple with more immense and vital issues than his generation had been called upon to face; and, of course, the future of the Servants of India Society, which was the actual embodiment of all his dreams and devotion for India.

These open-air conversations, however, came to a speedy end. He suddenly grew worse and was forbidden to leave his room or to receive visitors. But I was fortunate enough to be allowed to see him almost daily for a few hours till his departure to Vichy. In his whimsical way, he would call me the best of all his prescriptions. To my usual query on crossing the threshold of his sick-room—"Well; am I to be a stimulant or a sedative to-day?" his invariable reply was "Both". And this one word most adequately summed up the need of his sinking

heart and overburdened brain through these anxious and critical weeks.

The interval between his first and second visits to Vichy he spent in a quiet little cottage at Twiekenham as the guest and neighbonr of Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Tata, to whom the Nation already owes so many debts of gratitude, and the monotony of the long hours of his temporary and interrupted convalescence was often brightened by the presence of friends whose visits to him were really pilgrimages, and sustained by the devoted attendance of Dr. Jivraj Mehta who has since won such proud academic honours and of whom Mr. Gokhale more than once said: "He will go far and be a leader of men."

From Vichy he wrote: "Here, in this intense mental solitude, I have come upon the bedrock truths of life and must learn to adjust myself to their demands." The outbreak of war in August brought him back to England a little prematurely. But though his health had obviously improved, and he was better able to stand the strain of his arduous work on the Royal Commission, he seemed oppressed with a sharp and sudden sense of exile in the midst of an alien civilisation and people. He was haunted by a deep neuralgia which he himself could not explain, not merely for the wonted physical scenes and surroundings but for the spiritual texts and tongues of his ancestral land. His conversation during these days was steeped in allusions to the old Samskrit writers whose mighty music was in his very blood.

The last occasion on which I saw him was on the 8th October, two days before I sailed for India. Something, may be, of the autumnal sadness of fallen leaves and growing mists had passed into his mood; or, may be, felt the foreshadowing of the wings of Death. But as he bade me farewell, he said, "I do not think we shall meet again. If you live, remember your life is dedicated to the service of the country. My work is done."

Early in December, shortly after his arrival from Europe, he wrote to complain of the "scurvy trick" fate had played him in a renewal of his old trouble; but succeeding letters reported returning strength and ability to work again. In the last letter written the day before his fatal illness, he spoke of his health being now stationary and of his coming visit to Delhi. But it was otherwise ordained. As the poet says, "True as the peach to its ripening taste is destiny to her hour." His predestined hour had already struck. On the 19th February, the self-same stars that he had invoked one year ago to witness the consecration of a life to the Service of India kept vigil over the passing of this great saint and soldier of national righteousness. And of him surely, in another age and in another land were the prophetic words uttered—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Children's Tribute to Gokhale

On the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the Servants of India Society, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu addressed the following letter to its President, Hon. Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri:

On this proud and melancholy occasion of the tenth anniversary of your Society, you will doubtless be overwhelmed with cordial messages of congratulation from all parts of India, and a sad renewal of tributes and testimonies to the memory of your beloved founder and first President.

To this long garland of greetings, will you permit me to add, as a pendant of fresh blown buds, the story of the *Children's tribute to the great Gokhale*?

Sometimes I think that the supremest service of this incomparable Servant of India to his country lies in the everlasting inspiration of his death, more even than in the actual achievement of his life-time; for it has already proved a miraculous divining-rod over the hidden springs of national feeling everywhere; and it has made articulate, in a sudden realisation of the indivisible unity of Indian life and sentiment, even in a conservative and self-centred city like Hyderabad with its haughty traditions of isolation from all public affairs outside its own special horizon of interests. Memorable in our public record was the remarkable gathering of men of all communities

and classes that for the first time in their experience met together to voice as one man their sense of real loss and grief at India's irreparable loss; unique and epoch-making in our social history was the even more remarkable gathering of women of all creeds, castes, and ranks and fortunes, who assembled to give expression in six different languages to their sorrow, and the Mussalman ladies vied with the Hindu ladies in the eloquence and sincerity of their mourning. But to me, touching, significant and symbolic beyond all other tokens of reverence and regret has been the tribute of the children of Hyderabad for one whose heart was like a child's and whose life so abundantly fulfilled all their desire and capacity for hero-worship. There is an association here of young Hindu and Mussalman boys and children who act Indian and English dramas for their own amusement, but they are not so absorbed in their own pleasures that they do not hear and answer the call of public duty.

Eighteen months ago, when Mr. Gokhale's golden voice rang out like a trumpet-call for help on behalf of the suffering Indians in South Africa, and men gave their wealth, and women their jewels for the cause, these young patriots, having nothing else, coined their love and talent into gold and gave a goodly contribution in response to their hero's call for aid. Now he is dead; but in their young hearts he lives enshrined. A few weeks ago, they came to me and said, " we wish to make our contribution to your Gokhale

Memorial Fund. We will stage a play." Last night, in the presence of a large and representative audience of all communities, including a striking number of Purdanashin ladies, the association of boys and children gave a brilliant performance in aid of "the Gokhale Memorial Fund." It was a charming play, a musical fantasy from the Arabian Nights, composed by a member of the Association—my seventeen-year-old brother, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, of whom Mr. Gokhale used to say, when he was only fourteen, "this child's genius gives me electric thrills"—a play written by a boy and acted by boys and children. The staging was beautiful, and every thing was as perfect as they could render it, not only for the honour of art, but for the honour of the cause for which they were giving their time and talent—the honour of Gokhale's memory.

They began with a specially composed invocation to the Spirit of Gokhale, also the work of my brother, in which Hindu and Muhammadan boys took part; then followed a poem in Urdu, written for the occasion, by a young Muhammadan poet. The performers realised more than Rs. 600 last night to offer as their share towards the upraising of a local memorial in their hero's honour.

And so the generations are linked together by the continuity of ideals and a common love inspired by a great and selfless spirit. I think that spirit must have rejoiced to see how spontaneously and whole-heartedly the younger section of India unconsciously interpreted and fulfilled the sublime

lesson he always taught that no gift is more fine or fruitful than personal service leavened by personal love; and he who laid down his life in the cause of Indian unity must surely have given thanks to God that last night, inspired by a common love and a common service, Hindu and Mussalman boys, the young citizens of to-morrow, were animated by one vision, spoke with one voice and were impelled by one inseparable heart of service and devotion.

Pardon me far taking up so much of your time. But you, who are the inheritors of Gokhale's mission of service, ought surely to know, wherever the good seed has fallen, that time will reap and destiny knead into bread for the feeding of the hungry spirits in this great country of ours. To-morrow and the hope of to-morrow is always with the young; and so you too like me will know how to appraise the obvious value, and even more the deep underlying significance of the children's tribute to the great Gokhale.

In Memoriam to Gokhale

Heroic heart! lost hope of all our days!
Need'st thou the homage of our love or praise?
Lo! let the mournful millions round thy pyre
Kindle their souls with consecrated fire
Caught from the brave torch fallen from thy hand,
To succour and to save our stricken land;
And in a daily worship taught by thee
Upbuild the Temple of her Unity.

(*Indian Social Reformer*)

The Voice of Life

Under the auspices of the Madras Branch of the Madras Students' Convention, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following lecture on December 17, 1917, at the Gokhale Hall with Mrs. Besant in the chair:

I think very often that the old proverbs that have become truisms are entirely based on an illusion and ignorance of human nature and most of all that hackneyed proverb that familiarity breeds contempt or at least indifference. To-day as I stand in your midst, I realise that, however familiar the voice of life may grow, coming to me from the heart of young generation, it always comes with a new magic, it always comes with a new appeal, it always stirs a new inspiration, it always brings me to the earth with the burden of a new sense of responsibility, it carries me with that trust and confidence that a wise young generation demands in those in whom it reposes its trust. To-day after nearly ten years, I find myself in your city, so long ago known as a "benighted" city, but to-day no longer benighted, because the dawn is nearing and the voice of hope has sounded from your shores. The "benighted" city to-day stands far more as a beacon, as a star of hope, and it is said that Madras which was asleep has now been awakened to realise the dreams of that sleeping time; and before we proceed further, it is our solemn duty to thank those that have sounded the

clarion call of hope and woke up the slumbering voice of night. The voice of life manifold, speaks not only from the lips of the living but most splendidly from the lips of the dead—the immortal dead. To-day, the hall that bears the name of my friend and master, Gopala Krishna Gokhale, bears testimony to the fact that, though dead, he speaks and not with a single individual voice but through the hundred millions of voices of the young generation who are dreaming of the India of to-morrow and who to-day are preparing to be the creators and the fulfillers of that dream. Gopala Krishna dead has left behind for you a legacy that is the legacy of life itself, for over and over again, speaking to your generation, he has said that life is within you, that the future is within you, that there is no death for India, that India cannot die, because India renews itself with the hope and the life of the young generation. Mahatma Gandhi speaks with the voice of life that is not merely human but with the voice of a man in whom life has evolved, developed and realised the divinity of man. He speaks to you with that wonderful eloquence of his life in a music that is heavenly, in a music that is immortal, for his life is set to the tune of human compassion, and the voice of compassion is the divinest type of voice. Then, in your midst, you who said that you honour womanhood and that you honour the sex of the land that you call Mother, you have yet another who sits in your midst prophet-like, and she has brought a message

of hope to this city. I speak of her who has been to you, young men of India, not merely a mother but a priestess and prophetess, a holder of the torch of hope, one who has yet set your life to the music of the stars. One more voice of life before I come to my subject proper. When I was asked to deliver an address in this hall, and the object of the organisers of this address was to collect funds—mere sordid money—as an embodied symbol of their homage to that genius of a great scientist, the young generation realised that genius can only accept as homage love, and love embodied means service, love embodied means something that is bought with a price and that, therefore, though one of the young generation has accused me of selling the spirit of my ancestors in selling knowledge as he said, is not an accusation at all, because young Madras wanted to give some tangible evidence of its homage to the great scientist in Bengal. It is an expression of his homage for the great prophet of nature who has revealed one more secret—the voice of life. The voice of life, he said, was a message of an old proverb to us; the voice of life speaks through all channels of expression that it is possible for an individual or a Nation to find for its realisation. Never before did I realise how the supremest nature of the will has ever found expression till I visited with Mahatma Gandhi a little humble institution in Ahmedabad for the deaf and dumb, where, with a rapture that gives ecstasy, the dumb were being taught to become articulate. I saw with what consummate

devotion that teacher was labouring to make one little eager boy pronounce one word articulately by following the shape of the letters. I sat and watched, and each time there was failure I saw eyes dim with anguish, and then I saw the dawning hope in those eyes and I said to myself, "Here is a symbol of life, here is the supreme nature of life, here is the message to this great land that it is in self-expression, in self-realisation that the soul of the race must find its own voice"—the voice of life, and to-day we are like that dumb boy trying to become articulate. There are lessons to follow, but none can teach you those lessons. It is the agony of the individual soul that shapes the letter and makes you articulate, and that is a great lesson that I learnt in that little room in Ahmedabad. It is only individual agony and anguish of failure that gives you hope, and at last with a series of failures which are themselves creative, a race finds freedom of expression and a Nation finds freedom of its own soul and finds manifold voices of life. The voice of life does not mean one single sound and expression, but it rather means the manifold life into which many mighty rivers of self-expression have become unified. How shall we realise in India that beautiful title? How shall we find which is the voice of life through which all currents of National life shall become dignified? It is only when we realise the manifold rivers of the past that we can prophesy the manifold currents, for, as only recently I have written, it is in the past alone

that we Indians, with our unique history, can find the prophecy and the guarantee of the future. Other Nations must always look forward to to-morrow, because their yesterdays are dead, but we, unique in so many things joyous and grievous, should specially note that in National life we long ago, in the beginnings of time, evolved a certain perfect ideal type that suits our ideal development. There is no Nation in this world that can boast of such a curious achievement, something which almost goes against all the laws of known science, but the laws of science are one thing and the laws of individual or National soul are another. If we realise what the manifold currents of expression in the past were, we can realise what the manifold currents of expression of to-morrow can be or of to-day can be. What is it that made India so great? What is it that across the seven seas the voice of her civilisation went like volumes of music striking upon the sleeping Nations of the West? It was her genius, her life multiform, not single but many-sided, not narrow but complex, not enclosed within but coming out radiating, radiating, radiating the life with energy, art, beauty, wisdom, religion. History, they say, never repeats itself, but that is not true. History will always be made to repeat itself exactly as by your will-power you can make yourself repeat certain things. The whole basis of civilisation is the evolution of our will-power. It is this wonderful confidence that made man say, "I am God," that has made man able to say, "As yesterday was, so shall be

to-morrow and as to-morrow is, so shall to-day be." That is the real power of the Hindu race, the peculiar teaching of the Hindu race. For some centuries, the divinest possession of Indian people has become disintegrated, emasculated, almost dead, and to lose what has been in you the divinest contribution to the civilisation is to disinherit yourself, to sell yourself to exile and make yourselves born slaves when you might be free. That is the shame that I want to bring to your mind, that you, having disintegrated your will, are no more capable of saying that history shall repeat itself. You say that National life has gone out of tune. I was told that in this city young men want a message because they are not fully alive. It is irony to ask any one of my generation to give hope to yourselves, for it is the divine privilege of your youth to come back to their generation with the renewal of hope, with a message of music, on the analogy of nature. If you, because you are Indian, are shut out from the privilege of holding to the older generation a message of hope, you have misread the purpose of youth, because, according to my reading of life and according to my angle of vision, it has always seemed to me that the proper adjustment of life would be that age, and especially middle age, should always look to the younger generation, because there is no lesson that any civilisation can teach as the divine lesson of hope than that comes to younger generation. This is a dream I want to talk about. We are always told that we are

dreamers, that we are unpracticable and that we must become a Nation of practical workers. There is a friend of mine who, in his student days with inspiration that comes even to responsible students, said to me that we want practical mystics in the world. My friend, Professor Kandeth, once said that what we want in India is practical mysticism. He uttered the truth that you should all print upon your hearts in letters of fire and gold, for it is this compromise between materialism that deadens the soul and too much introspection that weakens the soul that we want to make a compromise of real strength, not losing the little inheritance of our spiritual power of dream but also assimilating that which makes the dream into deed with power to say, "My dream shall be but the blossom of which the fruit is secured." It is not really I but my friend, Professor Kandeth, that is giving you this message. It has always been said that mysticism is ecstasy in the Eastern conception, and those that are real mystics in India are those that are not silent but break into song time after time, age after age, and sing the voice of life. But we want songs, not poetry, songs in the widest sense of expression, in the widest sense of achievement. If we are to be practical mystics, it means that our songs are to be their embodied vision, that is embodied in our achievements through every channel of expression. Because we are Indians and it is our tradition always to assimilate the best that a foreign civilisation can give us, it is our duty and privilege to be true to our own traditions and absorb all that

energy that comes to us from western lands and transmute into Indian energy for the evolving of Indian life. Professor Bose as a scientist dealing with matter got to the very root of nature secret and said, "not in matter but in thought." I want you to take that sentence to your hearts. When a scientist dealing with matter, whose life is consecrated to wresting the secret of matter and passing it on a truth to the world, when he, with that prophetic vision that he must share with the poet, says that "not in matter but in thought is life," it means that the youths of India have begun to readjust themselves to a real conception of life. It means that that which is dead or that which we consider dead really lives, is responsive and is sensitive. It means that we all have greater need of intuition, of calling our own spiritual conception so sensitive that even that which seems dead is really alive and speaks and we can make it respond to our own secret. That is one of the ways where the silence is broken, where the dumb becomes articulate, and in contact with human spirit even dumb matter means life; and it means that the heart of India realises her own power of making the inorganic organic. What is it that is dead in our matter to-day? Nothing more than that which our ancestors realised as really living, and that is our own National capacity. That is the thing that is dead matter which we have to make organic, vital, spreading abroad. You who belong to this wonderful young generation are standing upon the threshold of hope, dream untested, heart unbroken

and unscorched. I want to say to you that, though the heart shall be broken and seared, do not be "afraid, because you have that power in you which can make the dead live." The country realises and your soul realises, for remember "not in matter but in thought," not in possessions, not even in attempts, but in ideals are to be found the seeds of immortality, and the heritage of the Indian Nation is the heritage of ideals, and the ideals of India are immortal.

Hindu-Muslim Unity

At a public meeting held at Patna, on Saturday 13th October, 1917, under the auspices of the Patna City Students' Association, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following lecture on "Hindu-Muslim Unity":

President and Brothers, Hindus and Mussalmans,—I feel to-day a peculiar sense of responsibility such as I have never felt before when dealing with a subject so intimately bound up with my life strings that I almost hesitate in trying to find words that might be wise enough to suit this occasion in this province at this juncture. When I arrived here a few moments ago, it seemed to me, as I mounted this platform so close to the sacred river flowing beneath, that I got the keynote of what should be my message to you to-day. (Applause). Centuries ago when the first Islamic army came to India, they pitched their caravans on the banks of the sacred Ganges and tempered and cooled their swords in the sacred waters. It was the baptism of the Ganges that gave the first welcome to the Islamic invaders that became the children of India as generations went by. And to-day, in speaking of the Hindu-Muslim Unity, we should bear in mind that historic circumstance, that historic culture, that historic evolution for which the Gangetic valley has stood in bringing about the Hindu-Muslim relationship age after age,

and so I trust you will pardon me if I fail, out of my own limited powers, to define the conditions that to-day might strain your hearts. I seek inspiration from that river which has stood always to the Hindus as the spiritual life that gives wisdom in this life and absolution after death. (Applause). To-day we are confronted with a very critical moment in our national history—what might be and what I trust is merely a passing episode. But it appears to our mind to have assumed a significance that is too great for the people concerned with the future of India to feel lightly about and to permit it to be misconstrued and misrepresented as to cause cleavage between the two communities. Gentlemen, it is, perhaps, very indiscreet for a mere stranger like me within this province to speak of difficulties, momentry difficulties, that are peculiarly local, and yet the day has come within our history when nothing that happens to disturb the tranquillity and harmony between the two races can be called local, because there is no province whose life is separated from the life (Applause) and suffering of any other part of India. Therefore, you will permit me to consider myself for the moment, while I am the guest within this city, as one of yourselves. I wish to invoke in your hearts, the sense of anxiety, a sense of responsibility that nothing should come to disturb the future harmony of Behar, the fair progress of the Behari people, who have always stood for peace and good-will in the past and whose united hearts should not be cut asunder. It used to be

the boast of Behar that there was no Hindu-Muslim problem in this province, and I have heard over and over again of tributes paid by the leaders of other provinces, saying that when the national sky was overcast with doubt and despair, Behar stood kindling the torch of love and union. There was no Hindu-Muslim problem, but only the shining prescience of a hopeful unity that was real and not merely born of any political exigencies. Then, shall we for the moment allow that fair record to be be stained? Shall we, because ignorance brings cleavage, let that record to be stained to bitterness among those who should know better, who should think better to confound that all differences are merely temporary illusions, that the reality cannot be broken and that, where knowledge comes, the understanding of love must also come? It is only because we are ignorant that we are divided, and it is the sacred mission of enlightenment to bring not the lesson of quarrel but the lesson of peace. (Hear, hear). That is the problem with which we have to deal to-day. For what is the Hindu-Muslim Unity? We hear it spoken of vigorously, we hear it spoken of unceasingly, we hear it spoken of passionately. But have we defined to ourselves its practical issues? What is the meaning, what is the significance of the Hindu-Muslim Unity? There is so much misconception abroad that, if a Muslim shows sympathy towards a Hindu, he becomes a traitor, and, if a Hindu shows sympathy towards a Mussalman, he becomes an outcast. But what is the reason of this mistrust of

those who stand as links between the two races? Nothing save our misreading of the entire purpose of national history. The problem of the Hindu-Muslim Unity stands like this: There are in India two communities (I will not say two races), that are separated by what they consider the difference of creeds. But when you come to analyse this difference of creed, you begin to find that after all, fundamentally, the teaching that came in the wake of the Muslim conquerors was the same as the teaching that arose in the great hymns in the sacred mountain regions of the Himalayas and on the sacred Ganges five thousand years ago. It means essentially the love of truth, the love of purity, the service of humanity, the search for wisdom, the great lessons of self-sacrifice, the worship of the same Transcendent Spirit, no matter whether in one language it was called Allah and in another Parmeswar. (applause.) After all what is this antagonism between creed and creed? Antagonism is merely the asset of the ignorant. It is not the weapon of the wise, (hear, hear) who realise that after all it is only the misunderstanding of the essential truth wherein lies the difficulty in launching across that golden bridge of sympathy that brings together the two great communities whose fundamental teaching is the love of God and the service of men. And then in this great country the Muslims came to make their home not to carry spoils and to go back to their own home but to build permanently here their home and create a new generation

for the enrichment of the Motherland. How can they live separate from the people of the soil? Does history say that in the past they have so lived separate? Or rather it says that, once having chosen to take up their abode in this land, they became the children of the soil, the very flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. Gentlemen, history has said that the foreign emperors sought not to divide and rule, but to unite the people and so build an imperishable guarantee of their own power and administration. (Loud cheers.) It may not be strange to you when you look back and see what were the chief characteristics of the Mughal Rule. Not that the Hindus were kept at arms length, but that the Emperor Akbar took his son to Rajputana, so that the blood of the conqueror and the blood of the conquered were mixed to create a new generation of Indians in India. That was the marital union between the Mussalmans and the Hindus. Do not for a moment misunderstand this. I have quoted this symbolically as typical of what should be the kinship between the two great communities in this land. Keep your separate entities, keep your separate creed, but bring to the federated India the culture of centuries, to enrich with all those contributions that each has to make for the sum total, for the healthful growth of the national progress. Who says that we want in India marriage between the Hindus and the Mussalmans, so that each might loose its special characteristics? India is so complex in

the problem of her civilisation, in her races and her creeds that it is impossible, that it is even very undesirable—nay, psychologically false—were we to say that we desire a unity that means the merging of the separate races to make one kind of common life for the common weal of the country. What we want is this: that for the evolution of national life we want the Mussalmans to bring their special characteristics and so we want the Hindus to contribute theirs, and, considering the chivalry of the past, allow no minority to suffer. We are not limiting ourselves to the contributions of the Hindu-Muslim culture alone, but we want the special contributions which the Zoroastrians and the Christians and other races scattered over this land can bring us. Gentlemen, do not for a moment entertain any idea of exclusion, harbour any thought of isolation of one group from another, of one sect from another. But let each bring its own quota of special contributions as free gifts offered lovingly and generously at the feet of the great Motherland for the swelling of the national Commonwealth. What is the special contribution of the Mussalmans? And what is the special contribution of the Hindus? We have only to go back and look to their own records, their own annals, their own culture. The Hindus have to bring to modern evolution of life the principal qualities of that spiritual civilisation that gave to the world not merely the tone of the Upanishads, but created for the intellectual and the illiterate alike such glorious type of virtue, courage, wisdom,

truth, as Ram among men and Savitri among women, that mystic genius of the Hindus, that spiritual passion, that fervour of self-abnegation, that great first realisation that the true measure of life is not the material, not the temporal, but the spiritual —that is the special contribution that the Hindu race has to make to the future evolution of India. And what of the Musalmans? The first of the great world religions that thirteen hundred years ago laid down the first fundamental principles of Democracy was the religion of Islam. In the twentieth century, we hear that the ideal of the future is Democracy. In the West, they speak of it as if it was a thing new-born, the discovery of the western people, but the first secret of this great world-wide Democracy was laid in the desert sands of Arabia by a dreamer of the desert, and it is the peculiar privilege of his spiritual children to bring to this mystic India of spiritual value that human sense of Democracy that makes the king and the beggar equal. (Applause). Now it is this principle of Democracy that implies certain mental qualities that is inseparable from Democracy. It implies a certain inviolable sense of justice that gives to every man his equal chance in the evolution of national life and these we want imported into our national life, assimilated into our national life which the Hindu community cannot, with its system of exclusion that has been the misinterpreted characteristic of a system that made it merely a true division of responsibility. I say the Hindu community by itself cannot evolve

it because, Hindu as I am, I stand here to confess the limitation of my community. We have not mastered that fundamental equality that is the privilege of Islam. What is mutual co-operation? What is the meaning of unity? Not merely bringing together the separate qualities, the mystic genius of the Hindus (hear, hear) and the dynamic forces of Islam.

We go further; we want that from the very beginning of our childhood there should be an interchange of culture. We want that the Mussalmans should hear from their nurses the great history, the great legends that are the inspiration of every man and woman, and we want that the Hindu children sitting in the twilight by the peepal tree should thrill with the history, the chivalry of the Arabian armies that carried in one hand the torch of knowledge and in the other, the sword of their own conviction. It is by this interchange of knowledge and culture of each community from its babyhood, that we shall be able to build up that kinship that is born of political expediency. Politics is sordid, politics is vulgar. It deals with current problems which are important to-day and forgotten to-morrow. Politics deals with current details. Nationality deals with the character of the Nation, and the character of the Indian people is such a complex thing that you cannot in one little phrase say that it is Aryan. You can only say that the character of the Indian is the achievement neither of the mystic qualities of the Aryan race nor of the dynamic qualities of the

Semetic people alone, but the union of the power that thinks and the courage that acts, the mixture of dream and action which alone can make for the true uplifting of the national life. Now I have come to the essential point. It used to be said, with reference to Italian Liberty, that Mazzini by himself was merely a dreamer and that Garibaldi was by himself merely a soldier and either of them separately could not have built what is the great Liberated Italy of to-day. But it was the genius of Mazzini the dreamer, Mazzini, that became the deed of Garibaldi that made Italy free. And so in the evolution of our national history, the Hindus are the Mazzini and the Mussalmans the Garibaldi. A combination of the visionary, the dreamer with the statesman, the soldier, the mystic genius with the virility of manhood—that is what we want to-day in this great India of ours. Then when we set out to reach this high goal to unite the consecrated fire that unites the different aspirations of the two different communities — of dream and actuality, shall we pause by the way, because of a little quarrel here, a little faction there?

Shall we be deterred from this triumph of a self-realisation of a united people simply on account of some personal resentment here, some passing grudge there, or shall we push on? We have before us only a few difficulties and the goal is so radiant that we cannot stop by the way; for the way is long and our life is short and we cannot pass into the shadows of generations that have gone behind leaving their works unfinished and

incompleted. Therefore, we cannot loiter by the way side in settling personal quarrels. We can only set our faces forward. There is a work for the united army to do. There is no separate act for us, no separate gain or loss, no separate suffering, no separate failure, no separate victory, but one common march, one common suffering, one common starvation, one common affinity which death alone can sever. (Prolonged cheers).

Gentlemen, these words sound, you will say, like the words of a Hindu visionary, but believe me that the words of visionaries are always the inmost thought that is common in the heart of a Nation. There is no poet who has sung, there is no prophet who has spoken in the past except that he was the articulate voice of the people that had not yet found words to suit their aspirations. Because after all when you come to consider all that makes the art of a nation, the philosophy of a nation, the literature of a nation, the achievement of a nation, why do you honour the maker of the music, the sculptor, the builder of those temples? Because these are the embodiments of the common vision, the common aspiration, the common experience of Unity, and so, no man is separate from another, and when the voice of a prophet speaks, calling like the trumpet, it is only that focussed music of the Indian people and his race that speaks in hymns and everyday life. When I stand up and say to you, let there be this union between the vision and action, it is simply that I am articulating your inmost desires and giving words to our inmost

conviction. So your leaders are the embodiments of your dreams and desires, of your own capacity and energies, and when you stoop to blame your leaders that they are not true, when you say they are not worthy, they are not able, have you realised what a condemnation of yourselves it is that you are not worthy enough yourselves as followers to evolve worthy and great leaders who are true to their cause. Gentlemen, when I hear men say we have no leaders, I say, is it because India has no men? Remember that the law of demand and supply always holds good in all things alike small and great, and it is only by the worth of your leaders that the worth of followers of people can be guaged, because, as I said, no man is an original thinker amongst us. Every one of us is but the mirror of his own desires, the embodiments, the images of his own souls and aspirations. Therefore, I pray, consider your shares in co-operating to bring about that reality of your dreams for which you are ready to suffer. I trust you are ready to suffer: and in what way shall these things be done? The way is so simple that when it is put to you in terms of daily life, the glamour, no doubt, becomes less dazzling in your daily action, than when you hear it said in the advertisement of lectures on the Hindu-Muslim Unity. That is a magnificent phrase, but in daily action what does it mean? It means the simple fact that you love your neighbour as yourselves, you realise his humanity as common with your experiences and aspirations of life, his failures, his triumphs,

his hopes and fears, his culture and ignorance which are the common inheritance between you and him. (Cheers.) There is no difference (hear, hear) because of your common aspirations, your common destiny of humanity.

It becomes a very simple thing to say that all men are neighbours of one another, brothers, blood ties, because they have the same tears and the same laughter. Therefore, perhaps, they may have the same kind of aspirations; the same quality of men may have the same kind of aspirations; so why make difference between the tillers of the soil whether he is a Muslim or a Hindu? Does he not suffer from drought, from the failure of harvest, from pestilence, from locusts? The school master, whether he be a Hindu or a Mussalman, has he not the same responsibility of creating within his hands (is he not a sharer of a common responsibility, I ask) a bond between brother and brother, whether he be a Hindu or a Mussalman? Then when floods come, and famines come, and plagues come, do not all of us suffer equally? Why make difference between men? Are there different angels of death for the Hindus and Mussalmans to carry them of? Does not every man feel that he must co-operate with each other, what matters if he be a Hindu or a Mussalman? Shall not a Brahmin carry on his head the corpse of a Mussalman and shall not a Syed carry on his head the corpse of a Hindu? What has the corpse of a Hindu or a Mussalman done not to deserve the same sense of honour for each of us who are

equally created by God and who have been equally subject to mortality ? These are trivial details of life. And when, gentlemen, feelings run high and passions are roused and when men forget this common brotherhood, what are the duties of those whose visions are not obscured ? What are the duties of those who have not been excited by some little trifling cause that has such awful, far-reaching effect ? Remember that blessed is the man that makes peace and thrice cursed is the man or woman that sets a little spark of fire into flames. Is not that what we have to remember when we see two brothers fighting at the street corner ? Shall not we go to them and say, " Cease, brothers, be friends." That is the symbolism of what we should do when two communities are at the parting ways of national life. Cursed be every man and woman of every rank and creed in this great country that incites, that excites instead of quelling, that urges on instead of quenching, that separates instead of uniting ; that, gentlemen, brings up the differences between creed and creed instead of preaching that fundamental Truth of Humanity, the Humanity of one God, the one Indivisible in all men. That is the meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity—not resentment, not suspicion, not the ungenerous schism that divides and says aggressively, "we are a majority and you are a minority and so shall trample on you." These things, gentlemen, are the cancers in the growth of social life. Rather we want the chivalry of the majority—the original

children of this land to say to their Muslim brothers, "take what we have because there is no division between you and us. Are we not the children of the common Motherland and shall the elder, by the priority of his older age, wrest from you your equal inheritance?" This is the feeling of a generous love, of brotherly love that we want to establish as a thing flawless, and in the hearts of the Hindus towards Mussalmans. We want to establish that nobility that knows how to trust without reservation, we want the manliness, the virility of the soldier that says—you give your word of honour and that word shall be as a bond of strength, of manhood that does not consider petty differences of castes and creeds. Gentlemen, that is Hindu-Muslim Unity. Not the betraying of one community by its own leaders against another, not the selling of the community for the sake of the honour that might come, but rather the responsible sense of co-operation in the mutual reverence for each other's creed, mutual love for each other's civilisation, mutual trust in your common good intention and co-operation and equal responsibilities in the evolution of your great national life of to-morrow. That is the meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity.

Once more we turn to the sacred river flowing beneath us; what has been the symbolism of that river through the centuries? What has been the symbolism of that river? What is the symbolism, I say, that age after age has made it sacred not merely in Samskrit but in Persian verses as

well, that flows giving gift to the land, that waters the fields of both the Hindu and Mussalman alike. It has been the inspiration of the Hindu and Mussalman geniuses as well. The sacred waters of this sacred river, with the solemn music flowing through city after city has washed away sins after sins of the Hindu people and has given cold waters to the thirsting armies of the Mussalmans. And when this great river arrives where it meets another river, in sacred Prayag, there is the Union with mystic music, soul to soul and heart to heart, of the two great rivers, the Ganga and the Jumna—a Sangum of two rivers each without losing its own characteristics and qualities. And yet it is a perfect union. And that should be the symbol of the Hindu and Muslim Unity, each keeping its own culture, its own individual characteristics, its own purity, its own special colour of its own waters, the music of its own deed even at that point of Union. That is the meaning of the Sangum of national life. That is, gentlemen, the true meaning of the Hindu-Muslim Unity. I will not detain you longer, because I have another function to attend—something, gentlemen, which does not a little contribute towards this Unity.

I speak of children studying each the culture of the other that makes for mutual unity: but there is another thing that translated into national life is sure to bind the children of the two communities in a common bond. That other act is the unifying influence of sports that teach us fairplay, justice, co-operation, harmony, equal competition and

therefore train us in all those qualities that are needed for virile manhood—the eye, the brain, the mind, the arm and above all things, that training and discipline which will evolve our manhood of to-morrow. That also makes for the Hindu-Muslim union. And now when I have given you the message of the river, the symbol of the river, the symbol of its Union, symbols that you should enshrine in your hearts, I will ask your leave to go and give away the shield that stands also in its own important manner as the reality of Hindu-Muslim Unity. (Prolonged and enthusiastic cheers.)

The Vision of Patriotism

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a public address on Monday the 15th January, 1917, in the compound of the "Leader" office. The Hon. Pandit Mothilal Nehru presided. She said:—

Mr. President, ladies and the citizens of Allahabad,—Do you not think it is enough to cow the boldest heart to silence, to see so many thousands of people gathered together in the expectation of hearing an oration which it is not within the limitations of my gift to offer? I trust, since my voice has been overworked in your province, you will extend to me, to the very end of my speech, that courtesy of perfect stillness, because, though I may share the enthusiasm of the great patriot, Surendranath Banerjea, I have not been gifted with his voice. In your great province, gentlemen, during these past few weeks, it has been my great privilege to go from centre to centre; and one thing that has struck me, as it must strike every student of the national awakening, is how real is this awakening in your midst in the very heart of what your critics have called the sleeping, dreaming province of India. Whether one goes to the spiritual centre of the United Provinces where the Ganges sings her immemorial song of love and absolution, or whether one goes to the modern industrial capital of Cawnpore, or whether one goes to Lucknow that still keeps the memories of

her royal dynasties, or whether one goes to modern Aligarh with a new life of Islamic Renaissance, one is compelled to understand that no longer is it true that India is asleep, that the voice of the future has not begun to call to the present; one is compelled to understand that there is something to-day levelling the life of the nation, levelling the entire people, from those who are the followers of Sanatana Dharma to those who are dissenters of the Arya Samaj, from those who go by the letter of the Koranic texts to those who put the widest interpretation of life on the great democratic ideals of the Prophet of Arabia. And when one comes to Allahabad, one is only confirmed in this conviction that India is awakened to-day, and the awakening has not merely kindled the hearts of the young generation but the heart of the older generation has got rekindled from that immortal torch that we call the fire of patriotism. In Allahabad to-day, as many centuries ago, we find pilgrims streaming upon the banks of the two great rivers that stand to-day as ages ago as symbol of unity. We know that in ages gone by every province of India sent to this great focus of union of these two life-giving and sin-pardoning rivers, their pilgrims. We know too that this city stands to us of the Hindu races as the sacred land where the Ramayan had its centre, its citadel when Rama met Bharata on the banks of the Ganges, and we of modern India have our own personal admiration of the sanctities connected with the river, because the sacred ashes of Gopal Krishna

Gokhale have been sent here and those ashes of the Servant of India have been scattered on the rivers united standing for ever as a bond between yesterday and to-day and to-morrow.

Gentlemen, what shall I speak to you about to-day, you whose hearts are throbbing with that burning love that is called the love of the country? What can a mere poet, a mere woman talk to you about that you, gentlemen, know? From my ignorance what shall I teach to your experience? From my weakness what shall I offer to your strength? Only the dreams of a poet, only the prayers of a woman that night after night and morning after morning are offered to that temple of the great Bharata Mata.

If I speak to you to-night, it will not be as a politician, since, I say it over and over again, my woman's intelligence cannot grapple with the transcendent details of politics. I only understand the great abiding principle of patriotism which impelled each generation to give its own contribution of loving service to the great Motherland, in upholding the honour of the Motherland and in adding to the pleasure of the Motherland. In spring-time when the blossoms break open, when the Bulbuls sing, oh, what is that comes to a poet as it comes to the heart of you all? It is the vision of a life different. Memory does not belong to the spring-time, but to the autumnal days. Spring-time brings back to the heart the vision of a new awakening of hope, a new vision of to-morrow, because the blossoms of the spring hold the pledges

of harvest; and so the message of the spring that comes to the heart of a nation must hold prophecy of a harvest of great deeds which are the only logical outcome of the spring-time of great dreams. It is to one of the recognised leaders whom no one suspects of poetry that I owe the inspiration of the phrase that I will use to-day as the text and burden of my address to you. Two years ago, it was my friend, and I am proud to say in one sense my comrade and leader, Mr. Mohamed Ali Jinnah, who, in addressing students in Bombay, said that there were three visions that come to every man in his lifetime and it was in the following and fulfilment of these visions that every soul found its harmonious development—the vision of Love, the vision of Religion and the vision of Patriotism. I will speak to you on these three great visions that have come to most of the passing generation as they must come to you who belong to the generation that stands upon the threshold of destiny. The vision of religion, the vision of Love, and the vision of patriotism are the three visions that make of a brute a man and of a man a god.

Take the history of the world as we know it and see how the vision of love working and working and working in the hearts of ages has built up a great religion, a great literature, has inspired great wars, has caused great victories, has made defeat worthwhile, because all was well lost. To what do we owe our great stories that thrill the heart of every Hindu, man and woman, excepting that

vision of love that found its pious embodiment in the virtues, in the sacrifices, in the invincible courage of those heroines of our scriptures, those household words, those dreams of poet's imagination, those embodiments of the nation's ideals, that greatest Sita, that unconquerable Savitri, that faithful Damayanti and that Sakuntala who made her name famous in far-off Germany? All these dreams are dreams of poets who behold the vision of love. Take our Rajput history. What is the one thrilling inspiration of the Rajput period excepting the honour of Padmini, which was the vindication of love?

What was it that swept those temples; those immemorial temples on the banks of the immemorial river, save the aspirations of the men to reach the divine, no matter through what agony and sacrifice and through what suffering and despair? In the case of the crusades of Palestine, it was the vision of religion that made practical service possible. In India, you need not be told what the vision of faith had done in building their civilisation. Religion at its best has given the Hindu civilisation that immutable quality of spiritual vitality that has made India survive all dynasties.

As the logical sequence from that personal human vision of love and that personal spiritual vision of faith must come the highest of all visions, the vision of Patriotism and that is a word, I think, that must find an echo in your hearts whether you have consciously or unconsciously accepted or rejected the vision of love and the vision of faith.

I don't think there is one in your midst to-day that has not longed for and prayed for that vision of Patriotism which alone makes a man or woman worthy to be the child of this great Motherland. (Applause.) And so from that personal limited vision of experience that I have spoken of, I will pass to this vision of patriotism which is a communal vision, not an individual vision. Many amongst you have temperaments that may or may not realise, may or may not accept, may or may not benefit by, the personal intensities of those individual emotions, but I believe that we in India, whether Hindus, or Mahomedans, are all being consecrated in that crucible that destroys all that is mean, and we have that crucible alone to be re-shaped as a vessel to pour the divine essence of love for India. And so all of us present here to-day are taking that communion together from a great living cup that Time has shaped for us, a living cup that bears on its sides, on its golden surface, not merely the design of the lotus that is the sacred symbol of the Hindus, but I see on the three other sides of that cup other symbols belonging to the other children of Bharata Mata. I see on one side the Crescent, on a second side, the Alhilal, on the third side the image of that torch that has never gone out since the exiles from Persia carried it in triumph and brought it to these shores. And on the fourth side, gentlemen, since I am a visionary, I see visions, I see the Cross that has stood for two thousand years as the symbol of the servants of

Him who being a man taught the lesson of love from the mountain top and said to the disciples, "It's I, be not afraid." That is a vision that appeals to me.

So this cup has been filled and the waters of salvation have been poured in it, and it is for us who are the communicants of this great vision of Patriotism, to put our united lips and drink pledging to one another a loyalty that chance may not withdraw, a love that no outside dissentient can destroy, a faith that no difficulty can daunt, a hope so radiant that no cloud can eclipse it. These are the virtues that we of the different communities, co-sharers of this great vision of Patriotism, co-trustees of the responsibilities of this great vision, must pledge to one another. You know the time has come—it came, indeed, long ago but we were too asleep to realise that it has come. It is not often that the psychological moment comes, and when it goes, nothing can bring it back. So has been the experience of the world.

To-day the clean page is ready before us washed with our tears and to be smeared with the blood of our sacrifice and devotion. The legend is of four-fold love, not of two-fold love. We are too apt to think that the legend of India is only the Sangam of the Ganges and the Jumna. There are other rivers, though they may appear small in comparison to the great rivers, that must unite, there are tributaries, gentlemen, there are other rivers; and something greater than Triveni is to be

before the river of love which will flow towards the sea of glory—that river of life that is called the river of United India. (Hear, hear and applause.) That is the vision of Patriotism as I conceive it, as I dream of it. I know it would exist. Exist when? When you decide that you are ready, when you say to yourselves: "No more divisions, no more tyranny of communities, no more insistence on separate races, but rather an ultimatum issued to the world that we are one Nation." (Applause.) Gentlemen,—I will not say, gentlemen, for the term has grown effete—men of India, I will say, it is, as I say, for you to decide whether to-day or a century hence the world will see the great spectacle of all those divided streams united into a focus of that national prosperity which will bring India once more her birthright which you have sold for a mess of pottage. (Cries of shame.) Do you think—though it is a commonplace for all politicians to say—that you have been disintegrated because outsiders came to conquer you? Who can conquer the soul within? Who can destroy the invincible spirit of man? Who can fetter your spirit if that spirit refuses to be fettered? Who but yourselves say, "We cannot govern ourselves?" Who but yourselves have forged your fetters? Who but yourselves have built your prison-walls? Who but yourselves have bound your eyes with bandages? Who are robbing you of the birthright of your inborn sense but you? Who are discounting the possibilities of the future but you? Gentlemen, men of India, I speak to you as one of

yourselves. I share your shame because of the tyranny of the past.

It is not a gift that comes from outside. Even high Gods cannot make of a slave a free man if his heart does not burn with the hunger for freedom. The vision of love, the vision of religion, and the vision of patriotism—to me these three things have all been one. I do not know, I think, there are many of you who do not know also a human love that can compare with the love that one gives to the Motherland. I think the most devout Hindu of you, the most loyal Mussalman of you, cannot know of a religion more sacred and more uplifting than the worship that one brings to the feet of the mother, Patriotism. What is Patriotism? It is the combined vision of love and of religion. It is a vision made reality. It is a dream that has passed into love, it is a love that has passed into service, it is a worship that becomes the ladder that brings to fulfilment that great vision, the third vision, the final vision, the glorious vision. Is there any amongst you who, going home to-night, will say to yourselves, when you sit among your comrades, or your kinsfolk, and later in the stillness of the night —will you not say: "Has God given to me a greater destiny than this that I become the standard-bearer of my country's honour, that I become the soldier of her cause, the champion of her weak, the defender of her glory, the creator of her regenerated power among the nations of the world." Do you think it a light responsibility, you the inheritors of the Vedas? Do you think,

you my Mussalman brethren, a light responsibility to be the trustees of those great ideals of brotherhood that your prophet gave years ago? No; the India of to-day requires not merely what the Vedas taught you, it requires not only those democratic ideals that made the glory of Islam, but it requires the further fulfilment of this great vision of patriotism, the combination of the great spiritual mysticism of the Hindus with the dynamic power of action which is the birthright of the Mussalmans, and it requires all the united gifts of her children who will focus the national vision of patriotism. Divided, there is no complete vision. Each community can only see from one angle. And what is a mere angle of vision even though it be changed? (Laughter.) It is the combined vision of all communities that will make a true focus of national vision, and it is the national vision that means the regeneration of a country.

The Hope of To-Morrow

Under the auspices of the Madras Students' Convention and the George Town Students' Club, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered an open air address on "The Hope of To-morrow" at Gowri Vilas, Royapettah, on the evening of the 20th December, 1917, with Mr. J. H. Cousins in the chair. She said:

Were I first to choose one sentence out of the entire realm of language to sum up what hides in my heart as the secret of my "hope of to-morrow," I should say one sentence only and then keep silence. I would say, "you are the hope of to-morrow." But I fear that my silence, however great a tribute to my hope, will not comfort you. How will it satisfy you? Many of you during the past few days have heard me speak, and you will say that mine is merely a monotone, but sometimes in the history of Nations, it is necessary that one should have a lyre not of many strings but one string. Such a crisis in National life is here that only those who have the courage to be called monotonous strike that one note over and over again till its echoes re-echo in the hearts of the crowd, and it is only the singer of that one note has to-day a place in the National life. We are told that the age is irreverent but I think not, for nowhere the great Indian civilisation can be irreverent. Reverence is the very blood in our veins, and therefore it is the only guarantee of the

salvation for the future. Have you considered what is your share and responsibility in the bringing about of this hope of to-morrow? Yesterday is over; to-day is over; concrete problems are here, contemporary things are here and there cannot be a future for a human race that has not evolved historically and spiritually from the past. Therefore the problems of to-day, the contemporary things of to-day are concrete problems and not illusory visions of the past. It is well for us in thinking of to-morrow to take a look backwards to that radiant yesterday. What constituted the fulfilled hope of yesterday? What was it that made India great? What was it that gave opportunities to her genius to find such manifold and immortal expression? It was that India was true to herself. She believeed that the only authentic expression of the Nation springs from within the soul of the Nation; and though a Nation must absorb all that is beautiful in other civilisations and in other ages, it can only be enriched by a foreign civilisation but not dominated by alien things. After all these thousands of years, we find perennial and beautiful that great treasure of intellect and spirit that is ours that we do not remember as ours. Those philosophies are alive to-day. They have outlasted time, because that philosophy was the evolution of the proven thought of India. Her religion lives to-day, and even as five thousand years ago on the banks of the Ganges the hymns of ancient Vedas were chanted, so to-day we de-nationalised pilgrims, that go to the Ganges,

hear the self-same chant, and there not only by the water of the Ganges are our spiritual sins absolved but they purify instinctively all our intellectual transgressions. I, the child of two civilisations, the hybrid of two civilisations, went to the Ganges, that eternal Ganges which is the one test of Hindu spirit, and there, without my knowledge, my intellectual transgressions fell from me and I remember that I was indeed the child of the Vedic spirit. The evolution of India was authentic and outlasted centuries because it was spiritual. It has been perennial because it was elastic: it was able to retain its vitality and enrich itself age after age out of your thought that age brings, out of your forces that every new conquest brought to India. It was only a temporal conquest by foreigner, because the spirit of the alien became absorbed into the spirit of India. The vitality of India has been stronger there than all things reminding one of that miracle where many rods have come, and this one rod of the Indian spirit has been able to swallow all those rods that turned into the serpent of wisdom, and that has been the value and secret of the past of India, and because you are the inheritors not merely of the civilisation that you find to-day enclosed within the pages of the Vedic teachings and carved on the rocks of temples, revealing cosmic history in little coins, not because merely of the material embodiment as souvenirs from that glorious past, but because something of life has been there, not the rock temples only, not the teachings of the Upanishads

only, not the Edicts of Asoka only, but the living spirit that sung the hymns on the banks of the Ganges five thousand years ago sings to-day the self-same chant of the self-same God. Keeping this background of historic spirituality in your minds, turn towards the dawn that you desire from dawn to dawn, not from darkness to dawn but from the dawn to the dawn. Dawn to dawn implies a preparation for the dawn. We all know that, where the dawn dies to-day, the whole world is a miracle of preparation that a great dawn of to-morrow shall be born. That is the function of the waiting time between dawn and dawn—getting ready the world, beautifying the world, enriching the world, so that the dawn that succeeds upon that dawn might find a richer welcome and a greater glory of the coming dawn. The preparation for the coming dawn means that we look to the New India that shall be the child of the old India which was lovely, so that New India, the child of old India, shall be more lovely, and yours is the responsibility of enriching and glorifying and beautifying the coming of that Renaissance that shall make the daughter lovelier than the mother, lovely though that mother was five thousand years ago. Enriching does not mean adding repetition to repetition, but the enrichment of life that makes diversity into some unified heritage for the people. The period between that early dawn and this later dawn has given you all the materials for this enriching, for remember how many streams of intellectual and spiritual thought have come into

this country, how India has had the opportunity of enlarging herself, filling herself with vast treasures of thought Iranian, Semetic, Christian, Muslim. When I was a child—and that was very long ago—I did not know that there was any real difference excepting of language between the culture of the Muslims and that of the Hindus. We never knew the Hindu-Muslim problem, because we were taught that there was no difference between the Hindu and the Muslim thought behind. The veils that covered both the cultures laid the same spirit that was to serve Mother India. You cannot afford to be provincial only in your outlook; you must learn to share the life of entire Nation, and the crucial problem to day is the problem of unity that shall be indivisible and immortal. How shall you within your province show that you have been transfigured by this great ideal of unity? In the north, this idea of unity has got into our heart. If I should say in the north that there is a problem in the south of India that we did not realise, they would say: "Had we a Brahmana-non-Brahmana problem here?" A great French poet has said: "To each one his own infinity." It means that his own infinity. It means that his own infinity is his own infinite opportunity and responsibility. A strange thing is this infinite spiritual opportunity and responsibility, a thing that you cannot lightly dismiss. You canot say to-day, "I am busy with my personal gain and personal happiness." It knocks at your door and asks for an answer. Your infinity here is clear: it has no

veils upon its face, it has no seals upon its doors. It is an open secret from which you may turn away but it chases you as a hound in heaven. Remember that the National responsibility, the service of India must chase you. You will be asked: " What did you do to establish that hope of to-morrow of which I speak to-day?" The great French phrase, "To each man his own infinity" reduces itself to the simple question, a thing of daily consciousness, a daily service, a daily manifestation, the sincerity of your own dreams transmuted day by day into that current coin of loving service in the cause of Indian unity. Remember that the poet's dream is no more than the mirror of your hearts. If I say to you that this great hope of to-morrow lies in you, it simply means that within you is the power to achieve. How shall you face the responsibilities? The real measure of a Nation is the measure of average action, of average man: it is not the great man or the great genius who is the true standard of a Nation's capacity or worth. I wonder if it has ever occurred to you when you hold out great names as the guarantee of India's greatness, how false and illusory are your standards of judgment. Great men belong to no race: they are a Kingdom apart. But it is the average man of a race that is the only true measure of that Nation's capacity. When we say that we are a great Nation and if some man says to you, "prove categorically in what way you are great," can you say to him: " Look at the great commercial

enterprises, our economic prosperity, the original art, look at the high standard of education of women, look how free we are to administer our laws?" That man will answer if you say so: "Young man, wake up, wake up. Are you still dreaming of the past when it was so? It is not so any longer." That answer amuses you, but it does not amuse me. I want you to understand and realise what is the average of India to-day, what is the average intellectual capacity, what is the average political capacity, what is the average literary and artistic capacity? Is it even mediocrity? I doubt it. The great art of self-expression has died out of us. Because we have not understood the vital nature of the life of self-expression, our arts have degenerated; our literatures are dead, our beautiful industries have perished, our valour is done, our fires are dim, our soul is sinking. The average taste of India's average man is a measure of sleep not even illumined with the glory of dreams. This immense crowd which represents the people of to-morrow, listening to the words of a woman, is the first augury of the hope of to-morrow that India has returned—whether consciously or unconsciously does not matter but inevitably—to that first ideal of the Devi. It is when India comes back to her old ideal of wisdom and recognises the place that woman is an embodied diety of Lakshmi and Saraswati combined that the hope of to-morrow will be coming into the skies with fresh rose and purple beauty. There are more

things than the waking of the Devi aspect of Indian woman. One has to wake to the human aspect of those who are treated as brute beings. The children of those whom you have not given the living chance said to the Viceroy and the Secretary of State that, within sixty feet of their wells, they are not allowed to come. Think now your brothers arraigned you of robbing them of their very right to be human. The hope of to-morrow will never come until you repair that wrong, and the only reparation of the wrong is the abolition of the wrong. Women who, according to your tradition, should have been your comrades, your equals, sharing, according to the old Shastraic teaching, your spiritual and civic life, what are they to-day? You dream dreams, but you are hampered because your women have lost the power of walking side by side with you. Those classes so numerous in the south, your religious south of Ramanuja, are a de-humanised people without a chance, and yet the hope of to-morrow lies in this. Even the deaf say, "we shall be made to hear," the dead say, "we shall live," the dumb say, "we shall speak." All that we can do is that each of us, recognising our own individual capacity, should recognise our own individual responsibility and take our share, and faithful trust implies doing our duty, and each doing a little makes a congeries of achievement that is called National achievement, National consciousness, National spirit, National mind. The dying flame must be kindled, and no outside hand must

come to re-kindle that flame. Nothing else counts, not your knowledge, not all the degrees for which you break your youth, not all those posts for which you sell your birthright, not all those titles for which you sell your country. Only love counts—the love of India. When the great hour comes, when all the secrets of the young generation are yielded up to the judgment of time, what shall posterity say? It will not say, "What were the qualifications you had?" It will not say, "How many lands have you left, how many houses have you left?" It will not say to you, "What material good have you left us?" But it will say, "O, dead, wake up, and speak what spiritual treasure have you left us, what of beauty in art have you left us, what of heritage of freedom have you left us, have you only lived that we shall still be slaves or did you die that Ind might be free?"

The Congress-League Scheme

At the Madras Special Provincial Conference on December 21, 1917, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in seconding the Resolution on the Congress-League Scheme of reforms, said:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen of the Madras Presidency,—I do not know exactly what right I have to stand in a Special Conference of the Madras Presidency to address you on so momentous a question as has been embodied in this resolution. But as the time has long since gone by when anything could remain merely provincial, when any question could remain merely local, I crave your indulgence for a few moments to add my words of support to this resolution.

What are the strongest arguments that one can bring in favour of the irreducible minimum of demands for reform? Last September, I spent the entire season when the Imperial Legislative Council was in session, and, day after day, sitting in the visitors' gallery, my heart grew bitter within me for this reason. Some of the most important and vital questions that would conduce to the progress of Indians as Indians were brought up, and as resolution after resolution was brought up in favour of simultaneous examinations of the Civil Service or the proportion of the recruits to the Civil Service, or the amelioration of the condition of

the railway passengers or anything that might help a little to remove the political or the social defects of the Nation, what did I find but an instinctive and invincible combination of the official non-official European element in permanent opposition againt every resolution? (Cries of shame, shame.) That is what I said to a friend of the Secretary of State who is with him that after all our demands are based not on a political grievance so much but because our national self-respect has been trampled. It is not, as I said, a question of four-fifth elected or one-fifth nominated, not a question of so many more portfolios for Indians and so many less for Europeans. It is rather the fundamental question of our national self-respect being restored and that is the origin of this irreducible minimum of this Congress-League scheme of reforms. (Cheers.)

A few months ago, I was present in Delhi when the great field of discussion came in, the budget. The budget had been prepared, it had been passed, published and then by a farce—that is an insult—the Indian members were allowed to give their opinion on the budget. It is, as my friend Mr. Jinnah said, "to put the cart before the horse, to pass the budget and invite discussion afterwards." (Cheers). Now, if we Indians have the control over the finances of our country, it cannot be that important estimates are passed for the current year, that money is disbursed or earmarked for any department without the sanction of the Indian members who have at heart the

interests of the country. Then if you want more representation, representation that is not merely nominal but real and that those who represent the people in the Council of the Viceroy should be true spokesmen of the people, we must have our control over the revenues and the taxes, because we alone know what presses hard on our people. (Cheers.) We must have the power to control the educational policies, because we see around us those deadening results of foreign policy of education in which our voice has not been heard. Therefore, more vital than anything is it that the educational portfolio should be in the hands of the Indian Member of the Council. When we have a large number of Indians represented in the Council, the voice of the many cannot be denied, and when the voice of the many is heard, then that one crucial reason of our deterioration that is the right to avenge and the right to defend our country, that inalienable right of man, of being able to protect his household will come to us.

With regard to communal representation, I personally am quite in agreement with Mr. K. P. Raman Menon and Mr. P. Kesava Pillai. And I think you will find that the majority of thinking men, Hindus and Muslims, are in agreement that the principle of communal representation is not the ideal one, but in practical politics sometimes, we have to go by expediency towards the path of the ideal and that is why till we are able to establish that abiding trust in each other, love and co-operation, there should be communal

representation. It is a temporary barrier between community and community and directly trust is established. Mussalmans will say, "O Brethren Hindus, we trust you." The non-Brahmin will say, "O subtle Brahmins, we trust you." The Panchamas who carried the bond of centuries will say, "O, Castemen, we trust you." Nobody will want separate representation, but we will establish the true democracy of Indian life by saying the best men shall represent the best interests of India. Now, over this question of Muslim representation, a lot has been written and said for and against. My own feeling is this—and I see a Mussalman friend looking at me very critically—(cheers) that had you not provided generously for the separate representation, it were not possible that, within 5 years, Mussalman brethren would have stood shoulder to shoulder with you, far disorganised and so much behind the Hindu community they were. Because they began their political education later, it was necessary for them to consolidate themselves as a unit first before they could come in a body to work side by side with their Hindu brethren. The other day I was speaking to a great man, a Member of Parliament. He said to me, "It is all very well when you talk of Home Rule and the Congress-League Scheme of Reforms as the first instalment of Home Rule. Then how are you going to make the masses understand the meaning of Home Rule?" I said, "As long as we are patriotic in English, we cannot make the masses understand. But we are having our

Vernacular patriotism just now. There are groups of men who have made it possible to have the Gandhi's monster petition signed by the same masses." He said, "But how do you explain Home Rule to them?" I said, "We can always explain the view by explaining to them their past. One has only to say to the villager that this Home Rule is no more than an expansion of his village councils and his own village democracies. It is the modern interpretation of his village panchayat liberated, enriched and co-ordinated to a vast central focus of power." But I said to him that there was one new element in it that did not belong to ancient India, and that is, I take a little trouble to adjust the views of the ordinary peasant in India and especially in Southern India. In Northern India where the Hindu and the Muslim have worked and lived side by side, it is no novel idea. But in the south where the problem is not so vivid, so urgent and frequent, it is not always possible to make the Hindu villager understand that principle of the Home Rule democracy. But I said to him, "It is nothing that is difficult, nothing stands in our way, because the heart of the illiterate India beats in unison with the heart of the illiterate and they will not be left out in any scheme of reform, because without them we cannot work. They are the fates that will carry us to the goal." He was struck by what I said, but he said, "This is all right about the masses. But what about the Mussalmans?" I said, "This Congress-League scheme is the work of the flower

of the Hindu and Muhammadan intellect and spirit combined: representatives and elected people of the two communities have framed this. Where there is no education, there is unity; where there is education there is unity, but where there is half education amenable to persuasion and coercion, there is no unity." (Cheers.) So, gentlemen, we must support the Congress-League Scheme. It is true it is an imperfect scheme. All schemes when you bring them to the merciless test of logic are illogical And who is there from the Viceroy downward that is going to suggest a better scheme? If there is a better scheme less illogical and more perfect, we are willing to put it before the people and let them try the comparative merits of the schemes. We are not so rigid and hide-bound in our own prejudices and predilections that we must enforce our own wishes in the best interests of the people as against better schemes. We are not so illogical ourselves, though our schemes may be. You can support the Congress-League scheme, not merely by raising your hand and by offering your vote, but in your own life by carrying out the principles of this scheme, demanding and fulfilling the demands in your own community and insisting that the education policy of your own horizon is within your own hands. Begin to take a little more interest in matters around you. Do not put by your patriotic instincts for times and seasons convenient to you. It does not mean that all of you should be politicians, but it does mean that all of you should be patriots.

Patriotism is not a thing divorced from real life. It is the flame that burns within the soul, a gem-like flame that cannot be extinguished. The Congress-League scheme is a little thing. If you be not united and earnest, even that little is too much of a burden for you to sustain, but if you are united, if you forget your community and think of the nation, if you forget your city and think of the province, if you forget you are a Hindu and remember the Mussalman, if you forget you are a Brahman and remember the Panchama, then and then alone will India progress. (Loud cheers and applause.)

Ideals of a Teacher's Life

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered the following lecture on the above subject at the Teachers' College, Saidapet, on 20th December, 1917:

In this great land of India, above all things, above honour and wealth, the teacher, the guru has been revered and respected. He was a man at whose feet kings lay down their obeisance. I do not know of any country in the world where the vocation of the teacher was touched with a sacrosanct quality. But, in giving something of sanctity, India truly realised the almost divine qualities that are necessary in one who presumes to call himself a teacher of men. A teacher of men, perhaps, sounds a phrase too big, and yet what is the teacher of the child excepting the teacher and the maker of the man that is to be? And more than any politician, more than any soldier, more than any other man who helps to build up a country's progress, it is the teacher who occupies the first place as a nation's benefactor. He deserves the greatest honour, because to him is entrusted the preliminary responsibility of building up the character and the spirit that go towards impressing themselves upon the life of the to-morrow, that a child is going to build. Therefore, it is very necessary that we to-day, who have fallen away from all our ideals, should return to no ideal so

definitely and so solemnly as the ideals of the guru and re-establish his place in the national life.

All responsibility is a privilege; and yet, at the same time, it is a burden and a heavy burden. To-day, I will speak to you of the quality and nature of this burden and this privilege. Some people say, and rightly say, and I do not deny the challenge, that I am always going back to the past for my ideals. In that very accusation, I find an unconscious tribute to the living qualities of those immortal ideals and the historic continuity of all Indian thought that can take us back to a past that never dies but yields a living inspiration for the furture. And among other ideals, the ideal of education in the past, in its own way, provides the type not of education but of the personal relation of the teacher with the pupil, of the guru with the disciple. In modern education, especially in India, we have lost sight that central fact that it is not what the teacher teaches out of the text-books—the names and dates in history, the boundaries and the rivers and the mountains in geography—but what unconsciously he gives—*the personality* to the pupil, that matters vitally in the quality of the education that the pupil receives. This personal element in education has entirely been lost sight of in modern systems of education. Everywhere in my travels in India, I have made it a special point to go and study the educational institutions; and especially, to come into contact with those to whom is entrusted the supreme privilege of teaching the youth. I find how little

the teacher is honoured and how little the teacher honours himself. It is honour that comes from men, but it is that self-reverence which the teacher feels within himself as the peculiar privilege of his profession, something of that prophetic reverence which says, "These souls are mine to make and to mould and to give to the country, it is that that must move a teacher." That is an enthusiasm that I have not found excepting here and there when education has been chosen as a vocation, because education chose the votaries that were predestined for the cause. But everyone is not predestined. We have, in the struggle for life, in choosing our profession, to count our means of livelihood, and, coming down to the most practical ideals of educational vocation, we choose it as one of the professions that will supply bread for our families. But, there is no vocation that need be mechanical, there is no vocation so low that it cannot be ennobled by the noble spirit of one that follows it. And when one chooses the high and responsible vocation of a teacher, how much more should the ennobling process go on, because the vocation itself is noble and it ennobles those that follow it earnestly, patiently and faithfully? We are told that education has produced in India—I say too, I feel it, I am a product of that education—not vital culture but only knowledge. We all learn in studying history that certain battles were fought in certain years, that invaders came from certain parts and conquered certain provinces. We learn too that one dynasty

was succeeded by another and so on. This history that is taught—is it history at all? Is it taught as a living background to contemporary affairs and as a clue to contemporary evolution; is it taught as a living factor in the life of the world, or, is it taught in the formal manner in the year 1066 William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings? But the way I was taught never made me understand what came in the way of William the Conqueror, what became of the enormous culture and traditions of England, what followed in the wake of that conquest, how England became Normanised and how England progressed in the sphere of intellectual and spiritual evolution. Coming nearer home, we Indians, with great past of ours behind us, how do we teach history? Our sons talk about the battle of Panipat. Aye, Yes. But—but—the great living background, that great cosmos of history is a dead thing to them, a thing printed on the page between the covers of a text-book. Our student is not taught anything that can stir his spirit and say to him: "What meant the great historic past the great historic future." Take again, geography. What is it? Is it merely that India is bounded by the Himalayas on the north and by the submarines on the south? What are we taught of that living unity between province and province, of that country that is bounded by the Himalayas in the north and by the submarines in the south? Nothing. What is taught of the great rivers that have watched the pilgrims go from north to south and

from south to north? What have we learnt of the great centres as are represented by cities, not merely capitals of political powers, but centres of spiritual thought? When our children hear of Rameswaram, what is it more than a name on the sea-coast? Do they know of the temples there, and of the immense value of it as the centre of a great Dravidian culture? Of Lucknow in the United Provinces, what more do we know than that it was the place of a Mutiny and the Residency of a bombarded garrison? Do our boys know that Lucknow was the capital of the Madyadesa of that ancient India where our civilisation flourished?

History and geography separated can never vitalise, and to-day the study of geography has been so revolutionised that those who learnt geography 20 years ago would think it was something new. In to-day's geography, cities are not mere dead somethings. They are links between race and race. Frontiers again are the living means of communication or defence between foes and friends. That is the way of geography.

Then again, we come to the teaching of political economy. Political Economy is a science, but it is one that most vitally matters in the reading of a country's present condition, recognising her past and estimating her future. When we teach political economy as a matter of mere academic interest, of what use is it to Indian students unless they can assimilate it to life later on? Of all the sciences of the world, political

economy should be the most living and go with us into our life, so that we may keep the right perspective for material things and the right perspective for spiritual things. After all, these two things are intertwined. One has, therefore, to teach the subject as a real living thing. However, this central fact is often forgotten that education has to be manifold, many-sided, not merely technical or literary or scientific or artistic. Education thoroughly understood, properly realised, means co-operation of every type of teacher for the building up of a manifold culture in the mind of the child. We are getting one-sided. Our education makes students not scholars, imperfect students,—not mellowed scholars. For scholarship implies a living life of culture, and culture is a thing widely separated from knowledge. The Italians who have a language that is so capable of expressing all the many shades of thought and reality, have two separate words instruction and education. Instruction is a thing that we get in the Indian schools and colleges. Education is a thing that we got in the past and that we do not receive in the present. The vital difference lies here that the Indian teacher himself, the outcome of machine-made systems, becomes a machine. (Cheers.) There is nothing to cheer. It is something to weep. He is a machine; he can turn out so many hours work a day, paid at such and such a rate, and can drill so many facts into the head of the child. The child passes through the examination-mill and gets a certificate.

It knows certain dates unrelated to anything else. It knows the names of certain rivers. That is all it knows. It has instruction, has knowledge. Its mind is a storeroom overcrowded with things that are absolutely of no use to it. Of what use is unrelated knowledge? Of what use are isolated facts? When the great crisis of life comes, how does it help? Really education is this. Knowing that a certain battle was fought in a certain year, if the man in the crisis of life remembers how a certain man won or lost, if he can look in the face of that danger, that is the culture, that is the date become life, that is instruction become culture. Culture is the spirit of instruction, that which impresses into a man's life to enrich him, to help him every moment of his life. That is culture, that is a thing that one in a thousand gets in India when he gets his diploma. So, I think that one of the first things that we, as teachers, have to realise is the revitalising of our own spirit, the re-kindling of our own torches of intellect and spirit. Until you can do that, how can you hope to light the little rows of unlighted lamps? By flickering light, you cannot light lamps. It is the flame within you that I want to re-kindle. We have ashes, we have the embers dying. The spirit is dying within the heart of the Indian teacher. It is not dead. It is to be re-kindled bringing illumination into the heart of India. The teacher's vocation is this, that though he himself sits in his chair, he is serving the country in manifold ways. He is the statesman and he is the poet: he is the scientist and he is the

merchant, because as Stevenson says in a song of his: "The sword maker sits by his forge but he goes wherever his sword goes and travels." He who makes the sword fights the battles. And the one man, the one teacher, is the manifold patriot, because he gives to the country the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, the trader, the lawyer, and those who are required in the complex building up of a national life. The old ideals of teaching lay in this, that the Guru gave up, renounced willingly Lakshmi for Saraswathi and embraced poverty. The spirit of it was that caring not for wealth, not for material gain, but freed from the burden of material greed, his spirit would be free to soar high and bring from the heaven of wisdom some message of hope for the disciples around him. That was the ideal of the teacher in the olden days. I know teachers still who keep that great ideal, who look on themselves, as prophets of old looked on themselves, who have dedicated, consecrated their lives, and who are the symbols of their instruction not merely in speech but actually in life acting as the embodiment of wisdom they taught. One such Guru I know who, having within his grasp all that material wealth could give, all that rank could give and success could give, said, "No, I come of a race of those who taught spiritual wisdom, whose doors were opened to the poor and the rich alike and I, son of a Brahmin race, whose duty it is to give wisdom, give knowledge, I do not want wealth and power. I want to sit somewhere so

that the multitude of truthful hearers might hear." And that man was my father. If I have no personal qualification to speak on the ideal of a Guru, at least I have before me the living memory of a man who for two generations not merely taught knowledge but gave wisdom, and wisdom of that kind that from far and near, rich and poor, men and women, princes and beggars, came through to hear what he had to say. That was the true democracy of a Guru that cares no rank in the giving of wisdom, in the teaching of ideals. The man who had come on the elephant had to sit beside the man whose feet were stained with dust. And there was one of the greatest lessons, practical lessons, unspoken but emphatically achieved, that lesson of the real brotherhood between man and man when the soul of man comes to learn wisdom. That is one of the great ideals that you teachers have to carry out in your schools and life. If in a hundred who come to learn each has the equal right on your attention and mind, to each give equally, impersonally the best that is in you to give, and personal and intimate should be the gift, because it should come out of the depths of your conviction and knowledge. It is the giving of your self, not the giving of your knowledge that matters; for, remember that every hour that you spend in the school-room, the child is unconsciously moulding the impress of its character from you Your finger is marked on the potter's clay. The impression you make is carried through life. The other day, Mr. Hydari, who has been

elected President of the Muhammadan Educational Conference, was discussing with me some items of the Presidential speech, and one of the things that struck me very much was the ideal of a Guru, a teacher. He spoke of a great Englishman, Professor Wordsworth of Elphinstone College, Bombay, whose memory will never die in the Bombay Presidency. Here was an Englishman, not an Indian, but he was a born Guru. He knew no difference of race or creed. Because Wordsworth was in the Elphinstone College, it was possible for Telang and Gokhale and Ranade to be great Indian patriots. I want you to understand that a Guru is of no race; his is a spiritual kingdom, not the kingdom of race or civilisation. Now, Professor Wordsworth had in him the true spirit of a teacher and, therefore, he understood that, if a son of any Indian came into his power, he should not make a bastard Englishman but a true Indian of him. He revealed the Indian spirit to the Indian youth and produced the Gokhale and Telang and Ranade. That is one of the great practical illustrations of the personal, intimate gift of character. It was because Professor Wordsworth had that great mission, that great impartial vision of right and that cognizance of national self-respect he was able to give the virile qualities of the English race to the Indian spirit and produce not merely Indians who had learnt English in the way of instruction but who had absorbed the spirit of the English greatness to enrich the ancient spirit and civilisation of their own. Now, you may

have Muhammadan children to teach, or the Muhammadan teacher may have a hundred Hindu pupils. It never means that a Hindu becomes a bad Hindu when he is taught by a Mussalman. Not at all. Each is confirmed in his own faith because faith is a thing, no matter what the doctrine, that can only be strengthened by a man of character, a person very fine, no matter to what race or creed he belongs. You in Southern India do not come across the cosmopolitan element. You come across with sects and castes. And now I know I touch upon a very delicate point. It is very controversial and bitterly emphasised, unnecessarily and wrongly emphasised. What was the sect and caste in the old day? It did not make for division. It was meant for the final unity of service by division of labour. We have lost sight of this fact. We feel that we want separate schools for Brahmins, Non-Brahmins, Panchamas, etc. But there is the fundamental problem, the Hindu-Muslim problem, because a race of teachers has risen that understand, no matter whether Hindu or Muhammadan, the teacher's duty is to teach life. Here again, what matters if a Brahmin sits side by side with a man who has not got that chance of evolution? What does it matter to you? Your duty is clear. Your duy is to kindle, to hold the flame, to light the blaze. That is where your responsibility comes in, so that understanding your own duty, your own responsibility, you begin to feel within yourself that fervour that comes of the knowledge that the

mission is yours which only you can fulfil. Who is there that can replace you in the national life? You are laying the foundation on which others raise walls, and it is those that lay the foundations that are the true artists, though they are never recognised. Who cares when praise is accorded, when the design is praised and the architect is congratulated aud a great man comes to perform the opening ceremony and says how beautiful are the decorations on the wall? No one remembers where are the men that laid the foundation. But laying of foundation is a privilege great enough to bring its own immortality.

If you have given to the child the gift of hope out of your own conviction of hope, nothing in later life will make that child despair, but if you have, out of your own pessimism, out of your own despair and your own narrow vision, or your own narrow sympathies, constricted that child's outlook, all that child's life will be directed to wrong that no later influence will wholly repair. So I want you to remember the solemnity of your profession, the real vital quality of your profession and you must feel that you are the nation-builders. The mother first, the Guru afterwards, and then the chance of the changes of life. But you give the direction, you mould, you carve and uphold and conserve, or you destroy. How many young spirits are not known to have been ruined hopelessly, ruined consciously, and it can all be traced back to the lack of sympathy in the teacher when the child went to school with his eager dream.

I want to emphasise another point. We in India have lost the tradition of beauty and that was one of the greatest traditions, because, if beauty, the love of beauty, the supreme necessity for beauty were not considered and acknowledged an agent of the spiritual life, why was it that our great temples and monasteries were built, where nature spoke in epic tongues of the unseen beauty, of the great faith. Beauty always reconciles you to the unseen, always brings that exultation of the spirit. That is the power, the alchemic power ofbeauty. It makes it possible for the young vision to perform that miracle which, in the words of an Irish poet, is able to transmute day into gold, weariness into ecstasy. It is really a Hindu saying though it came from a Celt. When I say beauty, I do not mean it in any material sense, but beauty that has the spirit of life, that responds to all the influences of nature, the influences of concrete beauty, such as we find in art, music. These things are left out of the curricula of the Indian teacher's mind. Beauty must be the back-ground of his instruction and it must be the goal of his teaching, for beauty means harmony, the harmonising of knowledge and the conflicting elements in life, the harmonising of joy with sorrow, the harmonising of weakness with strength, the harmonising of failure with victory. That is the meaning of beauty and we have lost it in modern life. We have lost the true clue that enabled our saints and mystics to make penance. Theirs was the religion of ecstasy ; ecstasy because they loved beauty

and understood beauty and they sought for beauty. It was the religion of beauty that was the religion of renunciation of old days. If you are true to your own traditions, go back and say even as the Guru said to his disciples, "I too in myself would embody their ideals." It is in yourself to say, "I shall be a living academy myself; I shall be the centre of life and every young soul that has passed through my hands will be my living means of communication to bear to the world the ideals within me." That is the ideal of the Indian teacher, because it is the ideal of ancient India and it is the only idea that will transmute mere instruction into culture and change mere facts into life.

Now we come to another point which is not quite novel, not quite unprecedented as some of us might imagine. In our modern life, we find that women are not sharing with men of India the duty and privilege of being the layers of the foundation. Why is it that this erroneous idea has arisen that woman as a teacher is a novelty? Long before any definite, conscious system of education was evolved and labelled vocation for teachers, it was understood at the beginning of time that: the first teachers of the world were women. They are still women, the most illiterate women. In India, the first teacher of the child is the woman. So in her home, the most illiterate peasant woman is entrusted with teaching the first lessons of life to her child. Is it not logical that the educated Indian woman should expand the sphere of her right to teach by coming out and

sharing with you in ennobling comradeship this privilege of giving citizens to India? For the Indian teachers, this is the most fruitful lesson to learn, the lesson of true co-operation with the sisters who have come to stand beside you as comrades. The whole of our old civilisation was based on the equal responsibility in the spiritual life of the women, so that you to-day cannot perform your sacrifices unless the woman stands by your side. What is it that it is a symbol of? If a woman stands beside your sacrifices, according to your religious teaching, if in your home she stands beside you, sharing with you the joys and sorrows, comforting you, rejoicing with you in the hour of victory, who are you that you should exclude her in this function, this divine privilege? For, no man lives for himself and no woman lives unto herself and no Nation can be single-handed. You want the two hands of a Nation to uplift itself and together we shall carry the soul of India to the heights of her eternal glory.

Ideals of Islam

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Muslim Association, Madras, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu delivered a lecture before a crowded audience at the Lawley Hall, on December 19, 1917, with the Hon. Mr. Yakub Hasan in the chair on "The Ideals of Islam." After receiving the address, Mrs. Naidu spoke as follows:

I thank you for the beautiful words you have uttered in welcoming me here to-day. But even at the risk of being considered egotisical and conceited, I acknowledge that, whenever I go to a new city, I always look for my special welcome from the Mussalmans of the place. Never have I been disappointed or defrauded of my right. It is my right, because I come from the premier Mussalman city in India. The premier Mussalman power in India rules over the city from which I come, and there the tradition of Islamı has truly been carried out for two hundred years, that tradition of democracy that knows how out of its legislation to give equal rights and privileges to all the communities whose destinies it controls. The first accents I heard were in the tongue of Amir of Kusru. All my early associations were formed with the Mussalman men and Mussalman women of my city. My first playmates were Mussalman children. Though I stand side by side with you as a Kaffir, I am a

comrade in all your dreams. I stand beside you in your dreams and aspirations, because the ideals of Islam are so essentially and supremely the progressive human ideals that no human soul that loves progress can refuse allegiance to those ideals. One has to look back to see how the vision of to-morrow may be linked with the vision of the past, and therefore if, in speaking of the ideals of Islam, I take you through so long a journey into the past, it is only that you may realise, what only the other day it was my privilege to say to the young generation, that it is only in her ideals that we find seeds of immortality and that, if there be to-day vitality in the Muslim people, it is because the seed was sown in the Desert and the Desert blossomed with rose. Come with me into the Desert where the sun is dazzling, where the people are brave, simple, quick to revenge any insult, strong to defend honour. What is it that the youngest of the religions has given to the world? Of the old religions, some have died and some are still living. When we come to the religion of the Desert, we find that wonderful adjustment between the spiritual and the temporal, for it was the religion of Islam that built up political empires. Comparatively modern, as measured by the older civilisations, the civilisation of Islam is young indeed. What does the golden age of Islam represent? What was lacking in the golden age that the modern age has been able to evolve for itself? What was lacking in the intellectual splendour and achievement and what was lacking in the political

policies, in its colonising powers? Brotherhood is the fundamental doctrine that Islam taught—brotherhood of civic life, of intellectual life, of spiritual life in the sense of leaving other religions and creeds free to offer their worship. This is what we call modern toleration, the larger outlook, this is what we call civilisation; this is what we call the real understanding of human characteristics, the real understanding of those sources that bind human hearts to one another. Ancient Hindu India laid the foundation of her civilisation on the position and responsibility of woman. In modern times, the legal status given to woman is supposed to be a great test of civilisation. Islam, coming centuries later than the Hindu religion, revealed the old world truth in a new language through a new medium and once more asserted the abiding verity that gave woman her responsibility and her place in the National life, by giving her not merely her honour due as wife and mother but as citizen responsible and able to administer her own property, to defend her own property, because it was hers and she was not dependent as mere goods and chattels on husband's and brother's bounty. Sense of justice is one of the most wonderful ideals of Islam, because as I read the Koran, I find those dynamic principles of life, not mystic, but practical ethics for the daily conduct of life suited to the whole words. We are fond of saying that we belong to a national age, that we belong to a practical age. If you belong to a practical and rational age, what more shall you find than

those codes of ethics laid down so clearly for your daily conduct? How far-seeing was the wisdom that laid down as religious law those great principles that tended to conserve the Brotherhood that the religion taught? What was the meaning of the Haj? Did it matter to God that thousands of Mussalmans went to one place or another since He is everywhere? No. The meaning was that streams of pilgrims from various lands, speaking various tongues, having traditions and customs, should meet to-gether in one common place and through one common association and memory to consolidate the Brotherhood that Islam preached. The meaning of fast in Muslim religion is that man needs in his busy life some moment to himself when his children might say, "we have set apart this time to contemplate upon Him who is always with us but we forget that He is always with us." When we look at their religious law, what is laid down there is the outcome of the prophetic vision that realises that civilisation would tend more and more towards democracy. It was the first religion that preached and practised democracy, for, in the mosque when the minaret is sounded and the worshippers are gathered together, the democracy of Islam is embodied five times a day when the peasant and the king kneel side by side and proclaim, "God alone is great." I have been struck over and over again by this indivisible unity of Islam that makes a man instinctively a brother. When you meet an Egyptian, an Algerian, an Indian and a Turk in

London, what matters that Egypt was the Motherland of one and India the Motherland of another? It was this great feeling of Brotherhood, this great sense of human justice that was the gift of Akbar's rule to India, because he was not only Akbar the great Moghul but Akbar the great Mussalman that he realised that one might conquer a country but that one must not dishonour those whom one conquered. You may be a king, but your subjects are co-parceners with you in the defence of the country. It was Akbar who laid down the fruitful policy of unity, of that peace which is the greeting of each other. Salaam—the National symbol of peace—was the gift of Akbar to the India over which he ruled. The intellectual thought that evolved out of this sense of fundamental oneness found its beautiful expression in that spiritual Sufism which is blood-kin to Vedantism. What is the teaching of the Sufi doctrine except the Vedanta which we Hindus inherited—the love of mankind, the service to the world, ecstasy in which self is annihilated into the universal life of humanity? Go to the poetry of Islam. What is there so beautiful in all the wide and manifold realms of literature as that immortal lyric of Hafiz, Rumi, that in the language of man there too in his higher manifestation the lyric genius of Islam of India has been not less than the epic genius of India or of Europe? When we analyse the evolution of that great literature and when we find the two meeting through one religion, we find, indeed, the inheritors of that dual

culture—the blending of mysticism with the semetic, dynamic, logical, practical power of life. There, the dreaming and the action become united, because one religion has bound them and we in India are the richer for our Indian descent. When we come to deal in its national aspect with the ideals of Islam, having journeyed first into the Desert and found not the mirage but the revelation, we must always come back home, for, like a lark, we must be true to the kindred bonds of home and the home of the Indian Mussalman is in India. His endeavour, his destiny, his hope is bound up with the endeavour, destiny, hope of India. How should the ideals of Islam enrich National life? What are the special qualities and gifts that Muslim India has to contribute to united India? I shall always recognise with pride that, what the Hindu Mazzini gives to India, the Muslim Garibaldi gives to India and they make a perfect type to make an Indian patriot. We want the mystic power of dreaming that is the special inheritance of the mystic Hindu, we want the direct, fearless power of action which is the special gift of the children of the sword. It is the spirit of the sword that we want to be brought to this great land. We want that courage that a soldier kept the sword swift in defence of the country, to revenge any insult to the honour of manhood or womanhood that it defended. Young Muslim is to put his contribution—not the sword made of steel but the sword of the Islamic spirit which has been re-tempered in the older fires of Vedic cult—the sword of Muslim love

dedicated to the Service of Vedic India. That is going to be your contribution to the India of to-morrow. Your poet laureate, Dr. Iqbal, has done immense service that can never be recompensed adequately, perhaps never even fully recognised by those in other provinces who did not know the National awakening that is coming. It was his patriotic songs that burst like the clarion call when there was strife between two communities. What the poet has done, a poet's race can do. What a Muslim poet can do, a young Islamite can do in always sending out clarion call, that cry for unity which has been the one safeguard of Islam in the past and is coming to be the one hope of Islam in the future, because Islam has recognised the fundamental duties of Brotherhood. Islam Brotherhood must not confine the ideal of Brotherhood to those alone that profess their creed but must expand the interpretation of that ideal of Brotherhood till every community within this land has learnt the lesson that Muhammad was born to teach in the Desert 1300 years ago. We want to feel to-day, we who are not merely dreaming the New India but shaping the New India with our hands; we want to be sure of the other manifold substances that are going to mould the great vessel which is to contain the elixir of the hope of the India of to-morrow, what kinds of earth are going to be moulded into a shape to hold the water of life to refresh and regenerate India. That is the clay that came across the seas—the clay from the Desert to be mingled with the Vedic clay—

not only the clay that came from Persian Zoroastrians or from the European Christians in the shape of this National life, but we want more than all other clays to be mingled with the Vedic clay, that clay which is the Desert clay of Islam, because we feel that unless and until these two great elements are blended together and unified, so that they can never be separated, there can be no vessel of National life that can last for time and centuries. You who are young Muslims—the hope of Muslim India—I speak to you and to you alone to-night, you who have yet to live your lives and hold the destinies to be co-trustees with your Hindu brethren. The battle-ground of animosities has become the flower-garden of unity. They in the north who are so eager to unite with the Hindus for National unity are building it up day by day with great sacrifices. I want you, young Muslims in the south, to take your share in that great work here, and that unity will come when you too spend your energies in manifold directions. A group of young men who have the world before them have turned their backs on personal gain, personal joy and personal recognition and made themselves into a band of Muslim volunteers to bring the light of education to their poor Muslim brethren. Nothing is so significant to-day as the Sultania College where groups of young men have dedicated their lives on the fruitful principles of self-sacrifice which make Fergusson College the living heart of Maharashtra. I want you to make your southern institution

in Vaniyambadi the true centre where the ideal of Islam is practised, not only to teach the young Muslim of the South not only the duty of prayer but also to teach the duty of service to the community. Having already embodied the symbol of your ideals in the south, what limit is there to the dream that you can realise within that centre? What limit is there to the ideals of Islam that can be reborn over and over again into a higher and wider life, because you dream true, you dream fine, you dream in accordance with the right to dream what your religion taught you, what your culture has given you, what your faith entitles you in the future, what your strength empowers you to achieve? Do not allow any one to say to you that, for the preservation of the prestige of Islam, there must be separatism, sectional difference, aloofness, division. Those are the teachings of those who have forgotten the fundamental ideals of Islam. If you are true to your prophet, if you are true to your land, listen to no voice except the voice within your heart, as a great mystic poet has said, and remember that one of the great duties of those who follow the ideals of Islam is to say to yourself what Muhammad said to Himself: "I am a man even as other men." There is summed up the entire ideal of Islam. I want you to print that text upon your heart. When one, who was building up a great religion, said to himself: "I am a man even as other men," and what one man can do in the Desert, shall not the manifold united

heart of Islam be able to achieve in this wonderful land? Hindus and Muslims are martyrs for the same liberty, they dream the same dream, they are the deliverers of the same India. We, Hindus and Muslims, are set out together on the common journey, the common pilgrimage to the combined Benares and Mecca of our lives, and that is Indian unity. Our pilgrim race must carry to that ultimate shrine some gift worthy of the goal. The twin comradeship in the pilgrimage will bring unity nearer and nearer to the hearts of the pilgrims, and when at last the pilgrim streams, starting from different associations and creeds, find themselves at the journey's end, even she to whom we go shall not be able to say: "Was that my Hindu son, and that my Muslim daughter?" I want you to revitalise all those ideals in Indian life by those things that enriched the past as the special gift of Islam, so that we too with you shall join in praising your God who is our God, and we praise the compassionate Master of life, of time, of faith.

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Co-operation among Communities

At the First Annual Conference of the Madras Presidency Association on Dec. 22, 1917, in moving a Resolution on the above subject, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said as follows:

President and Members of the Madras Presidency Association,—It sometimes happens that when one's thoughts and energies have become concentrated in and consecrated to one single purpose, in course of time, one's name becomes associated with certain cause, one's name becomes identified with a certain purpose. And to-day if I have been honoured, I, a mere stranger in Madras, with the proposal of a resolution, which in my opinion, is the most vital resolution of this Conference, if is because in my humble way I have always sought for that unity which this resolution seeks to embody (Cheers.) The resolution runs thus:

"That this Conference would appeal to the various communities of South India to sink their local differences in this supreme moment in the history of India and sincerely co-operate with one another for the general uplift of the Motherland."

It is very curious that last evening, when I went home from the Special Provincial Conference, I found a letter awaiting me which was meant to reach me in time before I came to the Special Conference. It was not from

any section of the Hindu community at all, but it was from a community of Southern India. It contained an appeal to me as a friend of every community, whether in the South or in the North, to use my influence—if I should have any—to use my persuasion—if I should have the power to persuade—for greater co-operation among us all just at this moment. I might ask the great Hindu community of the South, in the name of my Mussalman brethren to build up this unity of which we all speak on a real brotherly basis of give and take. The day before yesterday I was present at the meeting of the Muslim League and it was my great privilege to be allowed to speak there on the same great question, the one question on which I am able to speak. I spoke to them adequately in your name. I asked my Mussalman brethren of the South to learn the brotherly task of give and take, always to work in harmony, in co-operation, without resentment. I pointed out to them that had the Hindu Community not been brotherly, the division of loaves and fishes that have yet to come would not have been so generous. To-day I should stand as an ambassador of the great Mussalman community and ask in their name before I begin my proper task of supporting the resolution, that if you are sincere in wishing to pass this resolution, of sinking differences and of bringing about co-operation and harmony into your lives, you will start not with smaller divisions but first learn to heal the big cleavage that still exists to-day

between the two great races, between the two great faiths. I, a friend of the Mussalmans, would ask my brother Hindus not to raise any objection if the Mussalmans who respect our feelings, ask that the Hindus should respect their feelings. There is sympathy. They want you to prove that you are truly brotherly. If you truly wish India to be united and not divided, even as you value your religious beliefs, even as you cherish your religious faiths and your prejudices, if they ask that as a token of the gift of your love, you will not object to the little thing they demand that when our Hindu processions pass the Moslem mosques they shall not violate one of the primary mandates of Islam, that there should not be sound to break the silence of the mosque. It seems to me that the existence of an Association like this presupposes not a show of a wide division between the two races and the two creeds,a sharp bitter division originally but now happily by patriotic love grown narrower and narrower, a division between the children of the same race, the sons of the same race, only a little divided by one having the birthright of spirit and the other the birthright of material things. Both in the speech of the Chairman of the Reception Committee and the speech of your President to-day we find that though the Madras Presidency Association was started as a sort of speaker of the non-Brahmana community, though it was founded as a channel of the expression of the community of non-Brahmanas determined to have a responsible voice in the

shaping of the national destiny, they have been able by their patriotism to raise above their own petty personal needs and desires. "This is a supreme moment in our history" says the text of the resolution. It is a supreme moment in our history, because to-day we Indians not only of the South but the Indians of the united India are asking for that which is the birthright of every civilised nation. We are asking for the right to live within our own land. We are the children of the soil whose flesh is made out of the clays and waters in India, whose spirits have been kindled by the eternal stars of India, we are asking for a right not to be exiles in our own land (cheers.) But unless that cry of the exiled children of the mother goes forth as one voice of many million chords, one indivisible voice of many million chords, rising out of one undivided, indivisible heart of India, how dare we say, "give us freedom because we are united." I have been told on good authority which I cannot divulge that the great Viceroy, in the course of these few weeks when India has been knocking at his doors, has never been so puzzled as in this historic city because the heart is divided here. One little rift might make him say that the music of unity is not perfect. I ask you, friends in the South of India, to remember the great traditions of your great province. They say to-day in the north—and I have heard it over and over again with pride because remember that you have adopted me, by marriage I belong to you— "is to the South that we must turn for inspiration,

to that South which we for years and years looked at as something apart, alone, asleep, unrelated to the manifold progress of which we are proud?" Yes, it is true to-day. I think the lamp burns very brightly in the South of yours with a flame that sheds lustre far and reaches even the historic North. But where that historic North has already acheived unity, the bitter antagonisms and animosities which filled the North have come through the crucible of many centuries of hate into a period of harmony and peace, here in the South, where the lamp burns brightly, the house is divided against itself. How great the dissolution and how great the despair? No despair is so deadly as the despair of an injured faith. If you to whom the eyes of 'the rest of India are turned to-day hurt that faith in your unity, that faith in your power, you have done wrong not to yourselves alone but to the cause of the Indian Unity which you should embody and inspire. (Cheers.) I ask you, therefore, without entering into details that are technical, without elaborating about representations and proportions, to consider the ideal that I would hold out before you, the ideal of co-operation.

Why should there be division between caste and caste? What was the meaning, the purpose, the significance, and the power of the caste division in the old days? What was it but a division of labour for the glory of the Motherland, so that each within his own sphere could contribute perfect service that should enrich the wide diversity of life? It was to build up, to create and foster

national culture and national consciousness. Was that great system subtly built of a knowledge of human functions and possibilities meant to bring division? Were the law makers enemies of their Motherland that they brought about this division of sects and castes? No. It was built up so that India might be served, each community honouring itself and finding its perfect expression through some service which would be best suited to its own way of thought, to its own capacity, of achievement, its own sources of inspiration and its own opportunity of realisation. Have we grown so civilised that we have become untrue to our own social, intellectual and spiritual principles? (Cheers.) Have we become so alienated from the inner meanings of our evolution that what was meant to be a source of richer unity has become to-day a source of disunion, disintegration, degradation that affected the honour and progress of the Motherland? You have all made separate demands for reform, Brahmans, non-Brahmans, Mussalmans and Panchamas have gone on deputations. But what good are all these deputations, all these divided attempts? Let there be a hundred thousand deputations. If they can go in one united spirit with their different forms of expression of the cause, then each fresh demand freshly reiterated would mean the emphasising of the same demand. To-day we stand so that if the Angels of Heaven would sit in judgment, as to the real meaning and link between demand and demand, very different in fact, he might be puzzled to know

what was just and what was unjust. But we need not call the Angels of Heaven, nor need we await the leisure of another nation for justice. (Cheers.) Justice is within the soul of a nation, justice is the treasure of a nation, justice is the honour of a nation. If a nation chooses to rob itself, to dishonour itself, to be untrue to itself, not the Angels of Heaven, not the ministers of the King shall stay it. But if a nation chooses to honour itself, fulfil its duty and rise to the height of its own ambition, what prevents it but its own desires, what prevents it but its own folly, what prevents it but its own personal animosities and personal cleavages? I ask you, children of the immortal South, during the forthcoming years to be true to yourself, just to yourself, sink all divisions, obliterate all differences, forget all feuds, annihilate all hatreds, become one in the service of the Motherland, for, as I said, your flesh, Brahman or non-Brahman, is made out of the clays and waters of the South and your spirit is filled by the breath of Her who is Bharata Mata, Bharata Mata, Bharata Mata.

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